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LATEST DISCLOSURES IN THE CAMPBELL DIVORCE CASE.

The National
POLICE GAZETTE
The LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA
Henry W. Tracy

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RICHARD K. FOX, }
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1886.

{ VOLUME XLIX—No. 484
Price Ten Cents.



LADY COLIN TELLS HER STORY.

THE FAIR PLAINTIFF TAKES THE STAND IN PERSON AND VIGOROUSLY REPUDIATES HER HUSBAND'S ALLEGATIONS
AGAINST HER CHASTITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1886.

TO OUR READERS.

The Postmaster at Somerville, Mass., was discharged for refusing to mail a copy of the *POLICE GAZETTE* to Europe. Any reader of this journal being refused the usual mail facilities, is requested to communicate the fact at once to the publisher.

Agents wanted to canvass for subscriptions in every city and village in the United States. Sample copies and advertising matter supplied free on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

In response to many urgent requests, we publish this week, the now almost universally adopted "Police Gazette" rules for pugilistic matches.

RULE 1—The weights of all pugilists who contend in glove contests, according to the "Police Gazette" boxing rules shall be as follows: For heavy, over 158 pounds; middle, under 158 and over 140 pounds; light, under 140 pounds.

RULE 2—All contests to be decided in a 24-foot ring, which must be erected on the ground or stage.

RULE 3—No wrestling or hugging allowed. The rounds to be of three minutes duration, and one minute time.

RULE 4—Each contestant shall select an umpire and they shall appoint a referee.

RULE 5—In all contests two time-keepers shall be appointed, and the referee under no circumstances, shall keep time.

RULE 6—During the contest if either man fall through weakness or otherwise he must get up unassisted, ten seconds being allowed him to do so, the other meanwhile to retire to his corner, and when the fallen man is on his legs the round is to be resumed and continued until the three minutes have expired, and if one fails to come to the scratch in the ten seconds allowed it shall be in the power of the referee to give his award in favor of the other man.

RULE 7—A contestant hanging on the ropes in a helpless state, with his toes off the ground, shall be considered down. No seconds, or any other person but the referee, to be allowed in the ring during the rounds.

RULE 8—Should the contest be stopped by any unavoidable interference, the referee, if appointed, or else the stakeholder, shall name the next time and place for finishing the contest as soon as possible, so that the match must be either won or lost.

RULE 9—When either pugilist is knocked down within the allotted three minutes he shall be allowed ten seconds to get on his feet again, unassisted, except when this occurs in the last ten seconds.

RULE 10—One minute rest shall be allowed between each round, and no wrestling, roughing or struggling on the ropes shall be permitted.

RULE 11—The gloves to be fair sized boxing gloves of the best quality and new. Should a glove burst or come off it must be replaced to the referee's satisfaction. A man on one knee is considered down, and if struck is entitled to the stakes. No shoes or boots with spikes allowed.

RULE 12—In all matches the stakes not to be given up until either won or lost by a fight. That if a man leaves the ring, either to escape punishment or for any other purpose, without the permission of the referee, unless he is involuntarily forced out, shall forfeit the battle.

RULE 13—That any pugilist voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the deliberate judgment of the referee being obtained shall be deemed to have lost the fight.

RULE 14—That the seconds shall not interfere, advise or direct the adversary of their principal, and shall refrain from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the due and careful discharge of their duties to their principals.

RULE 15—If either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows shall have previously been exchanged or not, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who in a close slip down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment or from obvious accident or weakness. The battle money shall remain in the hands of the stakeholder until fairly won or lost by a fight, unless a draw be mutually agreed upon, or in case of a postponement, one of the principals shall be absent, when the man in the ring shall be awarded the stakes.

RULE 16—In contests in which contestants agree to box four, six or a stipulated number of rounds the referee shall have full power to order the men to continue the contest if it has not been decided during the four or number of rounds stipulated by one or the other of the pugilists stopping, losing by a foul or being beaten.

The great feature of the "Police Gazette" rules, it will be seen, is that, unlike the Queensberry rules, they provide for the match being fought to an absolute finish. The merest tiro knows that a contention in the ring with gloves and a limited number of rounds amounts to nothing, and the public already entertain the same conclusion. People pay to see a glove fight with the expectation of seeing one of the men beaten on his merits. To leave the main question unsettled merely because the specific number of rounds have been fought is simply absurd. It is, however, an absurdity which is fast costing pugilism public favor.

Under the Queensberry rules the better man in every respect might come out the loser through the time definition. Under the "Police Gazette" rules only the best man can win, and he must win every time. What else is there in pugilism?

When boxers are in earnest and mean business they always make their matches under "Police Gazette" rules. When they hippodrome for gate money, they just as invariably stipulate for the Queensberry rules.

The "Police Gazette" rules speak for themselves. We print them as an important contribution to the sport of boxing, and if any athletic club or individual athlete wants a copy, Richard K. Fox will gladly supply them gratuitously on application to this office.

A TASTE OF JERSEY JUSTICE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Young William C. Rhinelander, the New York "sawciet" crank, has just been liberated from the jail at Freehold, N. J. Three indictments hang over the head of the unfortunate man—the first for immoral conduct, the second for larceny, in removing from the jurisdiction of the Sheriff goods which were in his keeping, and the third for assault and battery, with intent to kill, in having sent letters threatening to shoot a good-sized fraction of the population of Monmouth County. The State is rich in evidence of the two latter crimes, but whether it has proof of the first is doubtful, although it had at one time, the bat which drew Rhinelander into his present trap was a ludicrously small one. He went to Asbury Park to sell a couple of stoves which one of the residents was storing for him. The profits on these could not at best amount to many dollars above the expenses of the trip, but the well-to-do young man took the risk.

It was Dec. 15, last, that Rhinelander, accompanied by a woman, made his appearance at "The Orange," a boarding house at Asbury Park, kept by Joseph Genung, and engaged board for two, signing the register "Mr. and Mrs. Rhinelander, Asbury Park." Rhinelander was sick and Dr. Keator, Dr. F. Knox Morton and Dr. Samuel Johnson were consulted in turn. For reasons they considered sufficient, all of these gentlemen after a time declined to attend him, and it is said Dr. Johnson's plain, blunt language in informing Rhinelander that he would not be connected with the case is what caused the young man to become angry with him.

The woman whom Rhinelander had introduced as his wife was so plainly below him in station as to excite notice. According to her own statement, made some time afterwards, she had first met him on the street, and he had followed her home and had insisted on her loving him at the point of a pistol. She was a coarse-featured woman in the neighborhood of thirty, with a noticeable brogue, a large and buxom figure, black hair and dark eyes. When Rhinelander was able to go out upon the street his supposed wife accompanied him most of the time, helping him over rough places and acting towards him like a hospital nurse with a disagreeable patient. It had been supposed by the people of the boarding house that the woman was his wife, whom he had married in this city, and who attended him so faithfully while he was imprisoned for shooting Lawyer Drake. She dispelled this impression one day, when she said:

"I am not the servant who first married him and who figured so largely in the papers. I am an altogether different woman."

One day she called upon Squire Holmes and begged that Rhinelander be arrested, on the ground that she was not his wife.

"Why do you live with him?" inquired the Justice. "I am afraid he will kill me if I don't," sobbed the woman.

The magistrate thought the story a little queer and refused to sign a warrant, although he advised her to run away from Rhinelander. She followed this advice, Mr. Genung says, and started for this city, but Rhinelander telegraphed a description of her to Jersey City, and on some pretext which does not appear, a Jersey City policeman intercepted her in the station and gave her such a fright that she returned to Rhinelander on the next train. They spent three months also at the Grand Avenue Hotel, and then went housekeeping with their own furniture.

JAGUARINE.

[With Portrait.]

Fred Engelhardt has practically introduced to the world of amusement—goers a remarkable performer with sword and dagger who calls herself Jaguarine and who is described as being as beautiful and fearless as the ideal Amazon. Speaking of a recent appearance in San Francisco, the *Argonaut* of that city says:

"In point of fact, every one was in a straight jacket of newness but Jaguarine. The music will be light, tuneful and pretty, when the singers are accustomed to it, and the action will probably attain spring and lightness when familiarity has made everything easy. But, at present, no one appears ever to have been there before, excepting Jaguarine. She is a superb physical specimen in a way—that is to say, as a female Samson. As she springs into the arena, clad in what is presumably a jaguar skin, and with a jaguar's head for a cap, she is a striking figure and looks as if she could mow down the American army with her sword in some twenty or thirty minutes. Perhaps she has taken her stage name from the suddenness, the grace, and the strength of her movements, for she is not unlike a queen of the jungle in all of them. Perhaps her chief mission is to show us what very bad sword-play we have been watching all our lives on the stage, and, more especially in the recent Mary Anderson season. What was once every gentleman's accomplishment is now the actors' only, and very few of them take the trouble to study it."

A BORGIA IN SENECA COUNTY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Meager details have reached Tiffin, O., of a poisoning case which occurred at Kansas, a small village in the northwestern portion of the county. Adam Pfeiffer, aged fifty-five years, a cooper by trade, short time since was married to a widow of that hamlet. Their domestic life has been anything but pleasant, and affairs culminated at the noonday meal last Monday. Pfeiffer noticed that his soup had a queer taste, and, suspecting something wrong, he fed his soup to his dog, which soon died in convulsions. He rushed into the house and upbraided his spouse with seeking his destruction. Without saying a word she gulped down nearly a pint of the poisoned dish, and was soon writhing in pain, but a stomach pump relieved her. The husband was also taken ill, and both are still in a precarious condition. The wife has confessed that she attempted to poison her husband, but refuses to assign a reason. There has been no arrest.

THE REGULAR ARMY, OH!

[Subject of Illustration.]

In broad daylight, Dec. 11, the mail and express train on the Fort Worth and Denver Railroad, bound for Fort Worth, Texas, stopped at a water tank just north of Belvoir station, 75 miles north of Fort Worth. A few minutes before the train arrived three men had ridden up to a house 200 yards from the tank, tied their horses and ordered dinner. They walked leisurely towards the tank, and about that time the train pulled in. One of the robbers with drawn pistol ordered Engineer Ayers and his fireman and O. G. Miller, another

engineer who was riding in the cab, to alight, which they did. He then marched them some thirty feet from the train and went through them taking all the valuables they had. While this was going on the other men went through the train. It appears that one of the passengers, who was looking out of the window and saw the operation with the train men, divining the situation, went into the forward cars and exchanged.

"Put away your money and valuables; we will be robed."

At once the passengers secreted all they could and awaited results. In the smoking car were four United States soldiers (negroes) belonging to the Twenty-fourth Infantry, under command of Supt. Connors, in charge of two deserters who were being taken to Leavenworth from Fort Sill. When it was seen that the soldiers were going to fight, Henry Ellinger, of Fort Sill, I. T., went to Connors and begged him to submit tamely, saying the women and children were greatly alarmed and that all the valuables were hidden away. Others joined Ellinger in his request and Connors reluctantly consented to do as requested. By this time the two men had reached the soldiers, and covering them with revolvers, demanded their pistols, which the soldiers surrendered.

"How much money have you got?" asked one of the robbers.

"Only \$50 to feed my prisoners with," answered Connors.

"You can keep it, then," and the robbers passed on. They said to the ladies in the last coach:

"Ladies, you need not be afraid, we won't take anything from you." And they did not.

HIS NOSE IN A TOURNIQUET.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Henry Jansen, the Chicago wife murderer, has been transferred from the jail proper to the insane ward, and his fast, which had continued for some days, abruptly broken off. He was very weak from lack of nourishment, and could not have survived his course of abstinence many days longer. Superintendent Kiley determined to compel the man to take food, and to that end he prepared a very palatable concoction of brandy, sugar, milk and eggs. As was expected, Jansen refused to take it. A muscular attendant pinioned the patient, and his clinched teeth were pried apart with a spoon. A spoonful of the mixture was poured into his mouth, and as he sputtered and spat in an effort to eject it, a clasp was put on his nose and as he gasped for breath, down went the life-saving fluid. In this painful position, while he writhed and roared between breaths, Jansen was compelled to swallow a gill of the fluid. Twice, later in the day, his heroically administered meal was given him. His strength rapidly grew, although this improvement put him in an ugly frame of mind, and he denounced his saviors in the most piratical terms.

SAMUEL CARPENTER.

[With Portrait.]

Elsewhere we publish a truly life-like portrait of Samuel Carpenter, General Eastern Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company and President of the Iron Steamboat Company. Our picture is all the more remarkable because Mr. Carpenter has never been photographed, and threatens vengeance on any body who may perpetuate his kindly and handsome face in print. A giant in stature, his heart is of proportionate size, his brains of even disproportionate magnitude. The generous acts of his business career, all done diffidently and almost stealthily, would fill a book. The grand corporation which controls the matchless railroad of which he is so conspicuous an officer, fully appreciates his worth. He has been discussed more than once as a possible candidate for Mayor of New York, the only blemish in his qualifications being his stern theory that rheumatism and gout are invariably occasioned by over indulgence in strong drink.

MRS. EMIL PENYSERS.

[With Portrait.]

A pistol shot was heard about 6 o'clock the other morning in the apartments of Emil Penysers, in the building No. 482 Main street, at Buffalo, N. Y. When an officer tried to obtain admission, the inmate, a woman, refused to open the door. Officers broke their way in and on going into an adjoining room found Penysers on the bed dead. He had been shot while sleeping, the fatal shot being fired at close range. The victim had apparently not moved after receiving the bullet. The woman, who is generally regarded as Penysers' wife, was arrested. They had been married nearly two years. Mrs. Penysers had had two former husbands, and has also led a sporting life. She admitted doing the shooting, but would give no further reason than that "he didn't use me right, that's all."

HOT METAL'S DEADLY EMBRACE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A frightful accident occurred in the Brandon rolling mill at Reading, Pa., on the morning of Dec. 10. Thomas Fritz, a catcher at the short rolls, missed his hold when reaching for the end of one of these hot bars of iron. The bar suddenly made a twist and the next instant was coiling itself about Fritz's body from his feet upward to the neck. The mill men turned on the hose, but before the hot coil was cooled Fritz had become horribly burned. He was carried home in a dying condition.

THE MASON-SAXTON CASE.

[With Portrait.]

The daily press has already given in full the particulars of the famous forgery scandal case involving the Hon. John L. Mason and Miss Jennie Saxton of Richmond, Va. We print elsewhere in this issue excellent portraits of the two principals and the picture of young Mr. Ward, who is said to have held the bootle for Mr. Mason. Miss Saxton has been held for trial, which promises to be quite sensational.

GRACE FAIRCHILD.

[With Portrait.]

Grace is the young lady who in a desperate row with a young man by the name of Powers at a restaurant in Meadville, Pa., the other day, made a deadly slash with a knife into Powers' lungs. Grace is a well-known character among the coal fields of Pennsylvania and the affair has caused a decided sensation among the people of that section.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

Brutal Murder by Negroes.

A brutal murder was committed in York county, South Carolina, the other day. Three negroes had stolen some cotton and were discovered by a ten-year-old son of Mr. William Goode, a respected farmer of the vicinity. The wretches at once set upon the boy stoned and beat him until he was unconscious, and then partly concealed the body. The boy's mother becoming alarmed at his absence, went out to look for him. In a short time he was discovered and a physician summoned, but he died in a short time. The negroes were arrested on suspicion and carried to jail at Yorkville. Great excitement is prevailing in the neighborhood, and it is thought the negroes will be lynched.

Mail Robbery.

The San Angelo mail stage was held up and robbed a mile south of Colorado, Tex., the morning of the 6th by a young man who gives his name as James Townsend. He compelled the driver to get out and lie down while he bound him; then drove off in the stage a short distance and rifled the mail bags. The driver loosened his feet and came to town, when a large party of the population started in the chase. While the pursuers were out the robber came into town, was identified, and taken in by Deputy United States Marshal Gooch. He is now in jail.

How They Do It in Texas.

Ex-Alderman E. A. Smith, of Galveston, Tex., who was convicted of embezzling \$4,500 while treasurer of the Cotton Screwers' Benevolent Association, was recently sent to the penitentiary, chained by the neck and handcuffed to a common thief on one side and a would-be negro murderer on the other, while the officer in charge of the prisoners conspicuously displayed a big six shooter during the trip.

Welcoming Them Home.

There was joy in Long Branch over the return of aged Bank President William Russell Maps and his bride from their brief wedding tour. The couple returned early in the evening from Philadelphia and were driven at once to the groom's residence on Broadway. At 10 o'clock about 300 men and boys and a few gross of fish horns, bells, tin pans and drums were congregated in front of the house. Meanwhile a pyramidal of oil barrels blazed in the road, while big fire-crackers boomed and horns blared a most enthusiastic welcome to the venerable banker and his bride. Rockets and Roman candles went roaring up into the darkness above the windows of the bridal chamber, while from shotguns was fired a prolonged salute. The throng serenaded lustily for an hour, but there were no signs of either bride or groom. At 11 o'clock cigars were handed out. At 12 the Colored Veterans' Band came up the street, and halting before the house played Mendelssohn's "Hail, Beauteous Bride," as though the lives of the players depended upon grinding out the greatest possible quantity of music in the least possible time. At 1 o'clock tom-toms were beaten and huge "tick-tacks" set at work, and the din continued until 4 o'clock, when the banker and his bride were left to their slumbers.

The Fault of the Police.

On another page we print an illustration of the recent riot in Amsterdam, N. Y., occasioned by what appears to have been a brutal attack by the green police of that town on a crowd of strikers.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and
Woman's Worse than
Weakness.



Mrs. Merrill.

"I am going to raise hell, and it will take big money to buy me off."

These were the words of a beautiful, fascinating woman, who came before the public in regard to the story published in the daily papers of the divorce proceedings begun by Mr. Robert D. Merrill, of East Orange, cashier of the Queen Insurance Company of this city.

Mrs. Merrill carried on a good many flirtations, of a more or less serious character, while she was at East Orange. It is even said that the first began within three weeks of the time her husband brought her home after their wedding journey.

A good deal has come to light about Mrs. Merrill and her career. Her maiden name was Minnie Byette, and her home was at Toronto. In January, fourteen years ago, she is said to have eloped from the Convent of Mount St. Mary, Montreal, with Charles St. Jacques, then head bookkeeper of the Revere House, Boston.

Mrs. St. Jacques received a good deal of attention from men, and Mr. St. Jacques hired a detective. Mr. St. Jacques was transferred to the Tremont House, and he and his wife started boarding in Mount Vernon street. The detective made more notes than ever. Among the names he jotted down was that of William Gray, Jr., who lately became famous by seeking a quiet spot and killing himself after stealing half a million.

The detective showed his note book to the husband. There was a big explosion, and husband and wife parted forever.

The detective kept on making notes. One day in May, 1884, St. Jacques bought a revolver and told the detective that he was going to kill his wife. The detective dissuaded him. St. Jacques went to his room.

This was at midnight exactly. Ten minutes later he was dead. The physicians said it was rheumatism of the heart. St. Jacques' friends all said the woman was the cause of his death. Some suspected that he committed suicide. The widow gathered in the insurance—about \$10,000.

She was married to Mr. Merrill in the autumn of 1885, and parted from him after the East Orange flirtations last spring.

In Chicago, where she had met Mr. Merrill, she met Augustus E. Walker, whose connection with the case has already been alluded to in the daily papers. The correspondence which led up to this point may be briefly summarized as follows:

From Mrs. Merrill to Mr. Walker—A modest request for \$5,000, without delay.

From Mr. Walker to Mrs. Merrill—A compromise in the shape of \$75 cash.

That tells the story.

SHE MISSED THE KIRKES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An amusing adventure, says the *Easton, Pa., Argus*, befel a prominent society belle of Hampton Junction, who was visiting some friends in Elizabeth last week. She went up stairs to take a bath before going to the Kirkies and accidentally locked herself in, the door having a spring lock. To her dismay the key was lost. The bathroom was on the top floor of the building. To add to the young woman's unpleasant situation the other inmates of the house were out and did not return for over an hour. After pounding on the door and shouting until she was tired out, the young woman resigned herself to her fate. When the family came back they found nearly all her clothing on a chair outside the bathroom, while the girl, who was shivering with cold, begged them to hasten and rescue her. The head of the house clambered up the grape arbor to reach the bathroom window. The arbor broke beneath his weight and sent him sprawling to the ground. A long ladder was then borrowed from a neighbor and placed against the building. Willing hands held it firmly while the gallant rescuer ascended. This time he succeeded in pulling the young lady through the narrow window in a partly nude condition and bearing her safely to the ground. She did not get to the Kirkies that night.

COUNTERFEITERS IN CUSTODY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Wednesday night, Officer Joseph Dupuyer of Ballard county, Ky., accompanied by a posse of citizens, broke into a nest of counterfeiters and arrested six of the gang, four men and two women. The gang went to Ballard county from Alton, Ill., about a month ago, settling down at Fort Jefferson in two old

shanties. They had not sought any legitimate employment, and were suspected of subsisting by unlawful means. Last Saturday, one of the men went to Wickliffe and bought some solder, such as is used by tinsmiths, for which he paid partly in counterfeit nickels. This led to the movement against them.

The posse went to the huts in the night and found all huddled together in a single room. Guards were placed at the windows, the door was burst open, and the group captured. Several molds and a large quantity of counterfeit nickels were found in the room, and the prisoners had their pockets full of the stuff. They gave the names of Charles and John Totten, Thomas Thompson, Lewis Rickett and Mrs. Thompson. The sixth was a girl twelve years old.

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Ed. Bristol, of New Haven, Conn., leased to Al. Flint the stables at 684 Chapel street. Bristol is tall and thin and wiry. Flint is short and stout and muscular. They are both the unfortunate possessors of quick tempers, which undoubtedly brought about the mele.

As the story goes, Flint sold Bristol a sleigh. Bristol didn't want to pay for it until his return from his trip, but he did want Flint to pay the month's rent due. Flint had no objection to paying what was due Bristol, but thought it about the square thing to deduct from his bill the amount Bristol owed him for the sleigh. Ed. thought otherwise. Consequently many hard words were used until finally the "lie" was given, and then the fun flew. The mill took place in Flint's office or harness room, where they had it all alone by themselves. A big base-burner stove officiated as referee, but decided the battle a draw. About the first thing Flint realized was a stinging sensation under his left eye. Before the optic swelled he could see about a dozen Ed. Bristol's waltzing about the office, with sleighs, harnesses and stoves mixed up in utter confusion. Adelbert stood up on tip-toe (it was the only way he could reach his adversary) and let out with his left in excellent imitation of Sullivan. The Flint fist landed near enough to Bristol's nose to cause the claret to flow, and then the two men clinched and struggled for supremacy. Around the room they squirmed, chairs were upset, spittoons overturned and harnesses and blankets scattered about. Both finally were winded, and after considerable scratching had been done, landlord and tenant cried quits, and released their hold of each other.

Bristol went to the washstand, washed the blood from his face, and Flint went into a rear room nursing his eye, while effecting a horse trade. To a friend a little later Bristol was heard to remark that he and Flint had had a little dispute, but it didn't amount to much.

A STREET-CAR STRUCK.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An exciting accident and narrow escape from loss of life occurred at Limestone street railroad crossing, Springfield, Ohio, the evening of Dec. 7th. A street-car driven by Walter Dodds was run into by a Bee Line freight train going west, down grade, at a rapid rate. The cylinder of the locomotive struck the car near the hind trucks and dragged it west half a square, the car and passengers all in a heap, in front of the L. B. and W. Depot door. One mule broke loose, but the other was dragged along, and finally fell on top of the driver in the general wreck. It was a frightful spectacle, witnessed by hundreds of people, who rushed to the spot, expecting to see the ladies and children in the car ground to pieces, but, fortunately, none were fatally injured, although the car was completely demolished. The passengers were Mrs. Charles E. Winter, daughter Mabel, Charlie and Edith Gibson, brother and sister of Mrs. Winters, and Miss Minnie Cline, of Cedarville, who is engaged there at book-keeping. Mrs. Winters and the children were taken out of the wreck badly bruised and cut with glass, but not seriously injured. Miss Edith Gibson was cut and bruised most severely, and, it is feared, injured somewhat internally. Miss Cline was cut on the shoulder with glass and badly bruised. Dodds, the driver, could have saved himself by jumping, but stuck to his post and was badly but not dangerously bruised and cut.

KIDNAPED A WOMAN.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Mrs. James W. Gulling, the wife of the Deputy Clerk of the Probate Court, St. Louis, is a pretty little German woman about thirty years old. Mrs. Gulling was alone in her house on Pennsylvania avenue about 4½ o'clock the afternoon of the 8th. Her husband was at his business and her children had not yet returned from school. She was in the kitchen preparing the evening meal, when, without knocking or otherwise asking for admission, a man entered and asked if she wanted to buy some potatoes. She recognized him as a huckster she had frequently seen hawking vegetables about the neighborhood. She told him she did not want anything. He seems to have become aware that she was alone, for he immediately laid hands on her and tried to throw her to the floor.

She resisted, but, according to her own story, did not scream. The man dragged her toward the door and then taking her in his arms carried her to the back gate, where a wagon was standing in which was another man. The two threw her into the wagon, and one of them held her down while the other drove the wagon rapidly away. The woman had no wraps on except a light cotton shoulder shawl, and in her struggle with the man in the house her slippers had fallen off, leaving her in her stocking feet. When they threw her into the wagon both men told her, with oaths, that if she made the least outcry they would kill her, and the man who held her in the bottom of the wagon wrapped her shawl about her head so as to prevent any outcry.

Pennsylvania avenue is in the southwest part of the city and the neighborhood is very sparsely settled. The men with their victim drove out on the commons, where in the gathering darkness they would not easily be seen. She says they repeatedly assaulted her. They kept her with them, driving about over the prairie and sometimes down back alleys, and even along some of the pretty thickly settled streets, until far into the night. They were both drunk. The wagon had a deep bed and high sideboards, so that a person lying on the bottom was completely out of sight.

When Mr. Gulling got home, a little after 5 o'clock, his two boys, aged six and eight years, ran to meet him and, holding them by the hand, he walked into the house. His wife's slippers were close by the door,

but his wife was nowhere visible. The boys said mamma was up stairs, but on going up stairs he could not find her. In the kitchen and dining room were evidences that she had been getting supper. Her shoes were also in the house, so that Mr. Gulling knew that she must have gone out barefooted or in her stockings. He informed the police and a general alarm was sent out.

About 1 o'clock next morning his wife staggered into her house and fell at full length on the threshold. Her feet were bare, save where a few remnants of her worn-out stockings clung to them, and her clothing was partly torn from her. She was shivering with cold, and altogether presented a most pitiable sight. Her husband cared for her tenderly, and in the course of an hour had her sufficiently composed to tell her story. The man had allowed her to leave their wagon about 10½ o'clock, and she had found her way home. Policeman Schumaker had received instructions to look out for a missing woman, and had learned from a street car conductor that two drunken hucksters had been seen in a wagon with a woman. About 1 o'clock in the morning he came upon a wagon with two men in it. Both were drunk. The policeman arrested them and asked, "Where is that woman you had?" They denied having had a woman with them, but at the station they admitted that they had had a woman. They said she had asked them for a ride and they had let her get into the wagon. One of the fellows was too drunk to talk intelligently. The other said his name was Thomas Cunningham and his partner's name was William Maher. He said Maher had assaulted the woman, but that he (Cunningham) had only looked on and driven the horse.

JAKE KILRAIN.

[With Portrait.]

Jake Kilrain was born in Greenpoint, L. I., on Feb. 9, 1859. He stands 5 feet 10½ inches in height and weighs 190 pounds. He gained his first notoriety as a pugilist in 1880, when he knocked out Dangerous Jack of New York, in three rounds. On March 19, 1883, he bested Pete McCay, at Sullivan's benefit in Boston. In April he defeated John Allen in a four-round glove contest. The following month he met and easily vanquished George Godfrey, the heavy-weight colored pugilist in three rounds. Kilrain then took to boating, starting in the junior single-scall race of the National Amateur Association regatta, on the Passaic river, Newark, N. J., Aug. 7, 1883. He won his trial heat with ease, defeating John F. Cummings, Crescent Boat Club, Boston; R. H. Peiton, Seawanhaka Boat Club, Brooklyn; John E. O'Rourke, City Point Rowing Club, Boston, and Gilbert Fitzgerald, Keystone Boat Club, Philadelphia. The race was 1½ miles straightaway. Kilrain's time was 8 minutes 52½ seconds.

In the final heat he defeated John Grayson, Excelsior Boat Club, Paterson, N. J., and Robert H. Bryon, Atlanta Boat Club, New York, having things his own way after three-quarters of a mile; time, 9 minutes 20½ seconds. The best previous time made at any of the Association's regattas was by John Bowlsby, Jr., in 1878, viz., 9 minutes 40 seconds. In October, 1883, Kilrain met Jem Goode, the newly arrived English pugilist, and after fighting six rounds the referee declared it a draw, but admitted Kilrain to have had the best of it all through the contest. Kilrain has had several friendly set-toes with John L. Sullivan. The champion has always declared Kilrain is the best man he ever faced. He is game, quick, active and a powerful hitter. He fought a draw battle with Charley Mitchell, at Boston, on March 26, 1884. The contest was four rounds, Queensberry rules.

Kilrain also met Mike Cleary in a similar contest in Madison Square Garden, on June 26, 1884. Billy Edwards was referee, and declared the contest a draw. Kilrain also boxed Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, at Cambridge, Mass. The conditions were four rounds, Queensberry rules, and Kilrain had decidedly the best of the encounter, and could have knocked Sheriff out if he had desired to do so. He has defeated Jerry Murphy, of Bangor; Alf Greenfield, Jack Burke, Jack Ashton, and fought several other noted boxers.

A FORTUNATE PORTUGUESE.

He Invests in a Louisiana Lottery Ticket and Becomes Rich.

Few proverbs contain more truth than that one which says: "Never venture, never win." The last person to verify its accuracy is a young Portuguese named Juan Da Costa, employed on the Esculata Fruit Ranch at San Leandro. The manner in which he succeeded in winning a smile from the fickle goddess was through the agency of a Louisiana Lottery ticket, the first he had ever bought. A *Call* reporter learning that one-fifth of ticket No. 26,442 which drew the capital prize of \$75,000 in the last drawing of the Louisiana Lottery, had been disposed of in San Francisco, succeeded in finding its fortunate possessor. In answer to the reporter's inquiries, Da Costa, who is an intelligent looking young man, admitted that he had the money safe and was now in treaty for a fruit ranch in the Santa Clara Valley. "I never bought a ticket in my life before, but one evening about a month ago I was sitting on the doorstep of my home, talking to my mother and sisters, when an old peddler came to the gate and asked leave to display his wares. While they were looking at him, he turned to me, and, pulling some Louisiana Lottery tickets from his pocket, asked me to buy one. I refused with a laugh, but my sweetheart, who was standing by, smiled, and said: 'Suppose we try for the sake of luck.' The peddler spread the tickets on the ground before us and she picked out one and gave it to me to keep. I put it in my pocket, thinking no more of it until one day last week. I was busy pruning some vines on the ranch, when I heard a cry of 'Juan,' and looking up saw Mariana running toward me with a copy of the *Call* in her hands. She was out of breath and could not speak, but pointed to the list of prize-winning numbers. I hastily glanced at it, and sure enough, there I saw the number 26,442 staring me in the face. I looked at it again and again to make certain I was not deceived and then ran home to see if the ticket was safe. However, it was all right. I sent the ticket to the London, Paris and American Bank for collection."—*San Francisco (Calif.) Call*, Nov. 9.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Sergeant Henry Houck is one of the best-natured police officers in the state of Michigan. Some time ago the gallant sergeant had charge of his station at Boise City, and in his kindly way allowed one desperado, Eagan, to have considerable liberty around the cells, which he took advantage of by making a dash, shutting the door after him, locking the sergeant in the dungeon and making good his escape.

"Kip" Roberts.

The scandal caused throughout a large portion of Addison county, Vt., by the conduct of Christopher Roberts, better known as "Kip" Roberts, the colored evangelist, is one which is not likely to soon die out. He set up for an expounder of the Gospel. People in the vicinity of Brooksville and New Haven, as well as Middlebury and elsewhere, took an interest in the young fellow. For the past two or three years Roberts has been holding meetings in various parts of the state and Eastern New York. He was considered quite an exhorter, in spite of the fact that many ugly rumors were from time to time put in circulation to his detriment, among which was an apparently well-authenticated story that he had had two wives. Recently a married woman living near Brooksville is said to have confessed to having had criminal relations with Roberts. There are good reasons for believing that this episode is nothing new in Roberts' career and some Rutland people are believed to know something to the point.

Charles Foster and Mrs. Howard.

A few days since the clerks in a wholesale house at Bridgeport, Conn., were surprised to see a handsome young woman walk into the store and draw a revolver on Charles Foster. Foster tripped the woman up before she could fire and rushed upstairs. The woman was Mrs. Howard, a widow, well known in society circles. She met Foster in New York, and became engaged to him. A year ago last spring a New York paper published a story about Foster, in which it was alleged that he had sold a number of love letters sent him by a married woman to the woman's husband for \$50. Mrs. Howard upbraided him with this, but he protested his innocence and showed her a diamond ring which he said the writer of the letters had given him. He threatened to use a horsewhip on the man who wrote the story and Mrs. Howard regarded him as a hero. She loaned him several small sums of money. A few months after they went to New York together and Foster, without Mrs. Howard's knowledge, pawned the diamond ring which his other love had given him. After their return Foster called on Mrs. Howard and told her he had pawned the ring; that the other woman who had given it to him demanded its return and that he had no money to get it with. Mrs. Howard gave him about \$200. A few days later he told Mrs. Howard that he had no money enough to get the ring out, but that Ralph Sawyer, a New York friend of his, had furnished the balance and was holding the ring as security. She gave him more money. While in California, last spring, Foster sent Mrs. Howard a letter asking her to blackmail an aristocratic Bridgeporter for \$500 saying that they would need the money. She refused to do it, and she had quite a controversy with him about the matter when he returned to Bridgeport. He left her in high dudgeon and shortly afterwards Mrs. Howard commenced to hear rumors of his attention to other ladies in Bridgeport. She disguised herself one evening as a decrepit old woman and followed her betrothed. She saw him promenading with one of the most estimable young society ladies in the city. She tried to warn this young lady the next day, but the latter was indignant and told Mrs. Howard that she was engaged to Foster. Mrs. Howard subsequently learned that her fiance was also the fiance of two other Bridgeport belles. These were a divorced woman named Birdsey and a young lady of John street.

Foster called on Mrs. Howard a few days after she made these discoveries and a terrible tumult was the result. She told him she knew he was the son of Samuel Colt, the revolver manufacturer, that he had been arrested for burglary, that he had been thrashed in Rochester, and that in general he was very much of a rascal. Still she was willing to forgive him, but his only answer to her plea that he should be faithful to her was to hit her in the face, and nearly choke her to death. She fell against a chair and wrenched her arm. Foster thought he had broken her arm and fled. As soon as she recovered somewhat she determined to revenge herself on the miscreant, and the scene in the Water street store is the result. When she saw Foster she demanded instant restitution of the money she had lent him, and would probably have sent a bullet through his head had he not made his escape. Foster recently made a cowardly attack on a reporter in Bridgeport with a loaded rattan, striking several severe blows. This should end Foster's fast career among respectable people.



JAGUARINE.
THE WONDERFUL BEAUTY WHO HAS SUDDENLY BECOME THE CHAMPION SWORDSMAN OF AMERICA.



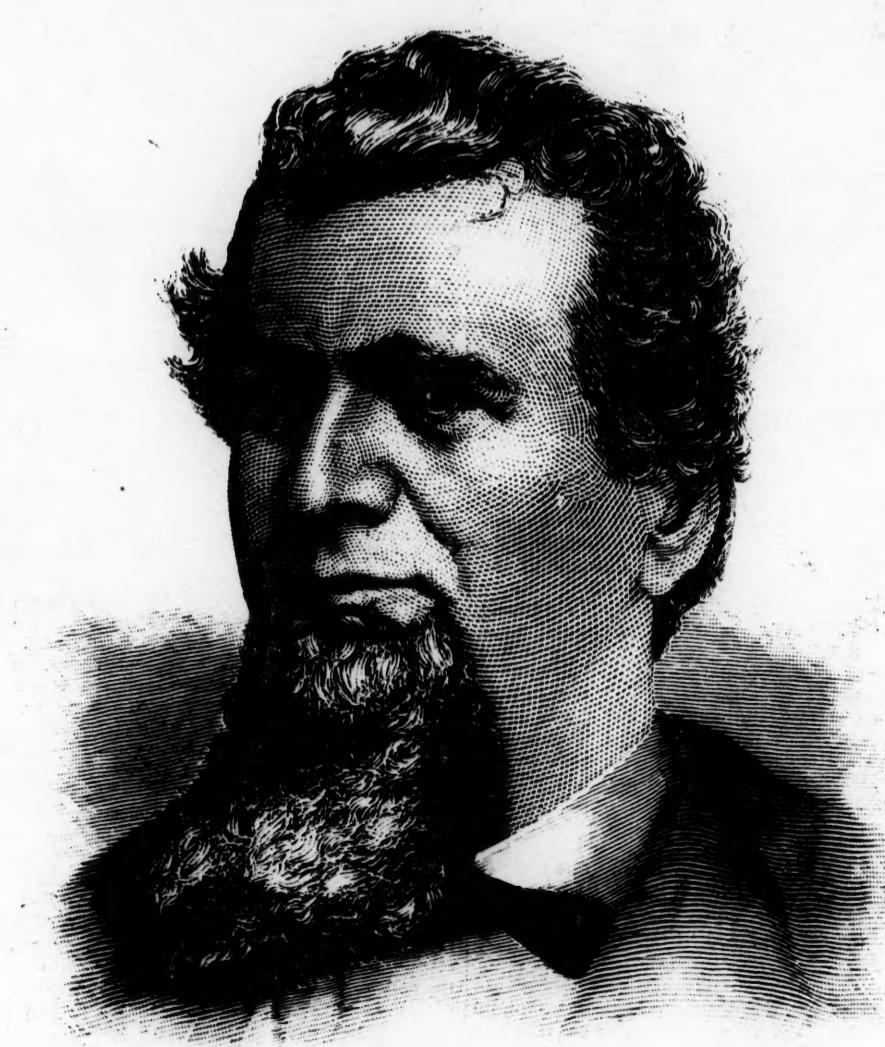
COLLARING CONEY-MAKERS.
OFFICER DUPUYSTER AND A POSSE MAKE AN UNEXPECTED RAID ON A GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS IN BALLARD COUNTY, KENTUCKY.



MISSED HIS HOLD.
THOMAS FRITZ, A CATCHER AT THE BLANDON ROLLING MILLS, READING, PA., IS BURNED TO DEATH BY A BAR OF IRON.



PRED WARD. MISS JENNIE SAXTON. HON. JOHN L. MASON.
THE PRINCIPALS IN THE FAMOUS FORGERY CASE AT BURLINGTON, VT.



SAMUEL CARPENTER.
THE BEST KNOWN AND MOST GENUINELY POPULAR RAILROAD MAN IN AMERICA.



MRS. GERALDINE HOWARD.
THE INJURED LADY WHO ATTEMPTED TO REVENGE HER WRONG
ON CHARLES FOSTER, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



CHARLES FOSTER,
THE MASHER WHO WAS HUNTED WITH A PISTOL BY MRS.
HOWARD, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



GRACE FAIRCHILD,
THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO STABBED POWERS IN A RESTAURANT
AT MEADVILLE, PA.



STOOD UP:
MR. JAMES TOWNSEND, OF COLORADO, TEXAS, TAKES IT INTO HIS HEAD TO STOP THE
UNITED STATES MAIL.



WHY TRY THEM?
THREE BRUTAL NEGROES BEAT TO DEATH THE TEN-YEAR-OLD SON OF WILLIAM
GOODE OF YORK COUNTY, SOUTH CAROLINA.



JOHN MARSDEN WILSON,
THE BRUTAL SLAYER OF ANTHONY DEALY WHO NOW DENIES
HIS CONFESSION, NORRISTOWN, PA.



MRS. EMIL PENYSERS,
THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO IS ALLEGED TO HAVE SHOT HER
HUSBAND IN BED AT BUFFALO, N. Y.



"REV." KIP ROBERTS,
THE COLORED EVANGELIST WHO IS CHARGED WITH BIGAMY,
ETC., ADDISON COUNTY, VT.

FYFE-PLAYING.

The Adventures of a Highly Distinguished Virginian Household.

THE USUAL BROOKLYN ROW.

How a Gallant Colonel Was Elbowed Out of His Own House.

Col. Alexander Phife, Wall street speculator, real estate agent, and insurance broker, was the defendant in a suit for separation brought by his wife, Sarah M. Phife, which was opened for trial before Judge Bookstaver in the Equity branch of the Court of Common Pleas. Col. Phife is about fifty-five years of age, tall, and of commanding appearance. His wife is a brunet, with fine eyes and a graceful figure. She is about forty-five years old. They were married in September, 1865. Their one child, a daughter, is now married. Mrs. Phife's unhappiness began about four years ago, when, she says, her husband neglected to contribute to her support, and finally, in April, 1885, he abandoned her. These are her grounds for a separation. She asks for alimony and counsel fees.

Col. Phife declares that he provided for her as well as his means would allow, and charges that she aban-



Thrown from his buggy.

doned him, in that she ordered him from the house, with the information that she did not desire to see him again. He also accuses her of undue intimacy with Harrison Gordon.

Mrs. Phife testified that after her marriage they resided at 226 West Forty-sixth street.

Q.—That was a wedding present from your husband, was it not? A.—It was, but I had to give it up, as it was sold under the foreclosure of a mortgage subsequently.

Then she told of her married life spent in boarding houses in West Fourteenth street, in one of which, herself, daughter, and a Miss Lillian Lockwood occupied a large front room. Three young Virginians, Harrison Gordon, William J. Phillips, and Robert B. Henry, occupied the back room, and Col. Phife a hall bed room. After a time their relations became pleasant, and resulted in young Phillips marrying Miss Phife. One day Gordon, while out driving, had his leg broken by his horses running away and throwing him to the ground. He was confined to the house for a long time. Mrs. Phife attended to his wants at times, but only as "any kind-hearted lady would to a gentleman friend." She denied that she had ever acted improperly with him.

Q.—Was your husband lavish to you? A.—Not very; he never gave me over \$400 worth of jewelry.

Q.—How did your husband abandon you? A.—The proprietor of the Madison, in Fourteenth street, where we boarded, put him out because he was behind in his board bill.

Q.—Did he invite you to go with him? A.—Not at all; he left without a word.

Q.—Did he supply you with funds for your future wants? A.—By no means. Subsequently I went to Jacksonville, Fla., for my health.

Miss Lockwood, being called as a witness, begged to be excused, but her request was denied. She told of the boarding houses in which they had lived, and said that in several instances their room and that of the three young Virginians connected by a door.

Q.—Did Mrs. Phife ever go out with Mr. Gordon? A.—Yes, she did, but only to go to church.

Q.—Did Gordon ever go into Mrs. Phife's room en *dishabille*? A.—Never, sir.

Q. (cross-examination)—Is it not a fact that where-



The brotherly kiss.

ever Mrs. Phife struck her tent these three young men also appeared? A.—Yes.

Q.—And they all had rooms on the same floor? A.—Yes (softly).

Q.—Did it not occur to you that there was anything

singular in all this? A.—Not at all. We were all very friendly.

Mr. Phillips was examined, and admitted that there was some freedom between his mother-in-law, Mrs. Phife, and Gordon, which was not in accordance with his ideas of propriety.

Upon cross-examination he was asked:

Q.—You are a good young man, and I presume come home at 9 o'clock every evening?

A.—I was not an old rounder, like Col. Phife.

Q.—And yet you stayed out all night occasionally?

A.—Yes, but not very often.

Then Col. Phife was called to the witness chair. When he married "this woman," he said, he had an

in your answer? A.—I think I did not, but I had my suspicions all the time.

Q.—Isn't it a fact that for the past twenty years you have charged your wife with undue intimacy with different young men? A.—I have chided her for unbecoming behavior.

Q.—You have always been jealous, have you not?

A.—No, sir. I was never jealous. There were facts.

Q.—Haven't you been in the habit of coming home in an intoxicated condition, and when in that condition making charges of infidelity against her? A.—No, sir; I never came home intoxicated in my life.

Col. Phife denied that his wife had paid for the clothes for herself and daughter since 1881. He ad-

mitted by Mr. Phife, was present. We joined Mr. Phife in a drink of whisky. I then sent down for two bottles of champagne, which I opened. Mr. Phife used some rude language toward Carroll, and I remonstrated. Mr. Phife made a move to strike me. I reached for a knife I saw on the table, and Mr. Phife drew his pistol. At this crisis, at the instance of Mrs. Phife, I left the room. I wrote a note to Mr. Phife



Wine and war.

income of from \$30,000 to \$40,000 a year. He had been in the insurance business, in mining operations, a real estate agent, and had also speculated in Wall street. He kept horses and carriages then, but now, owing to business reverses, he had lost everything, had no business, and was without any income. Then he lived in the house which he gave to his wife as a wedding present at a cost of \$20,000; now he occupied a hall room and wears his old clothes, or such as he can procure from any tailor who may trust him. He declared that he gave his wife fully \$2,000 worth of presents in the shape of jewelry. She became very extravagant and ran up large bills at Stewart's and other houses until he was obliged to write to those houses directing them not to trust her under any circumstances.

"After I had lost everything," he continued, "and could not pay my bills, she told me that I was no good and had better get out of the house. For about two years she refused to speak to me except on rare occasions. Her language was harsh. She once told me to go to the devil.

"One morning," added the Colonel, "I saw Gordon go into my wife's room and kiss her. I was very much displeased. That evening on my return home Gordon was again in her room. He made some insulting remarks, and I called him a — — — and instantly drew my pistol. A man named Carroll knocked up my arm and took away the pistol."

Q.—What were the habits of your wife as to drinking? A.—She could not drink much.

Col. Phife went on to say that one evening a gentleman took his wife to the theatre, and upon their return home they sat in the parlor until two o'clock in the morning, when he told the young man that he did not keep an open house, and that it was about time for him to leave. He did leave, and Col. Phife retired.

Mrs. Phife was early in the court, and sat near her husband, who was cross-examined. She was elegantly dressed in a brown suit, and wore a beaded hat. She kept her handsome eyes on the Colonel while he testified, and occasionally smiled at his answers. When Col. Phife married her he had about \$40,000 a year; when he had nothing he says she told him to go. He admitted on cross-examination, however, that she made no objection when they left their \$20,000 house and went to boarding.

"It has been alleged," said Lawyer Kellogg, "that you were in the habit of kissing Mrs. Phife. Tell us the facts about that."

Mr. Gordon wanted to make an explanation, but Judge Bookstaver directed him to answer the question.

"I decline to answer the question unless I can explain myself," he replied.

"Well, explain then," said the Judge.

"It was the habit of my two friends and myself," answered Mr. Gordon, "when any of us started on a journey, to kiss all the ladies, and then kiss them again on our return."

Q.—Did Col. Phife ever object? A.—He stood by and made no objection.



Nursing the sick man.

ians, who always boarded where you did and were so friendly to your wife, were not you very friendly toward them? A.—Not exactly.

Q.—Were you not intoxicated when you took out your pistol to shoot Mr. Gordon, the so-called friend of your wife, when you met him in her room? A.—No, sir.

Q.— Didn't you apologize to him afterward? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Did you ever insult him? A.—I did to some extent.

Q.—Did you ever accuse him of undue influence with your wife prior to the time that you made the charge

Q.—The defendant has said that you used to come into his wife's room en *dishabille*. Is that so? A.—It is not.

Q.—During the time that you lived in the boarding house with Mr. and Mrs. Phife, were you on friendly terms with Mr. Phife? A.—He says it was apparently friendly terms. I thought it was real.

Q.—How long did they continue friendly? A.—Until May last.

Q.—Explain the circumstances of the altercation with Phife at the Madison House? A.—After coming home from my business I called upon Mrs. Phife and her daughter. Mr. Carroll, to whom I had been in-



Going to church.

where this custom prevails? A.—I can't say that I do. Q.—You looked on Mrs. Phife, I suppose, as a mother? A.—Hardly.

Q.—As a sister? A.—Yes, and my two friends as well.

Q.—When did you first kiss Mrs. Phife? A.—I can't say. I regarded it as a slight affair.

Q.—Did you three gentlemen kiss her together? A.—No, we kissed her separately, one after the other.

Q.—Before that first kiss, was there a general understanding that she should be kissed? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Was it a rule among you three young gentlemen that she should not be kissed unless you all kissed her? A.—No, sir.

Q.—Then you kissed her either individually or collectively. Did you kiss the daughter in the presence of Mr. Phillips, her affianced? A.—Yes, sir, he permitted it.

Q.—You were a loving family—three brothers, so to speak. Outside of this loving confederation, were there any other families in which you three gentlemen could exercise this privilege? A.—I don't know of any.

At the conclusion of his examination the testimony closed, and a week was given to counsel in which to submit briefs.

HER STORY.

Lady Colin Campbell Goes Upon
the Witness-Stand

AND GIVES THE LIE DIRECT

To all the Damning Evidence Adduced
Against Her.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On resuming the witness stand Lord Colin testified that he once asked his wife if she took anybody home with her from a ball at Sion House and she denied that there was any one with her.

Here Mr. Blood, father of the plaintiff, rose in the court, and shaking his fist in Lord Colin's face, said:

"You are making infamous charges against your wife, and it is not the first time you have lied regarding her."

When his irate father-in-law had taken his seat the witness continued his testimony. Lady Colin said to him that unless before he left the room he signed a paper binding himself never to molest her again she would go to her solicitor. Witness said he repudiated this attempt at intimidation and refused to sign such a paper. He asked Lady Miles to go with him into an adjoining room, and after a conversation with her they both returned to the family council. Lady Miles said to Lady Colin:

"Colin deserves me to say that he has made no charges against you."

Witness expressed his willingness to submit the question of his health to a medical commission, and if the result was favorable he would take no undue advantage, but he stipulated that Lady Colin must abandon her correspondence with the Duke of Marlborough. His wife then referred him to her solicitor and refused to see him alone. It was untrue that he continually made overtures to his wife, but he did refuse to bind himself eternally against cohabitation.

The Judge here said that if Lady Colin was innocent her husband's questions were most insulting.

Continuing, Lord Colin denied that he had committed adultery with Mary Watson. He said he had taken action in Paris against his wife under his solicitor's advice. This was when he attempted to have her arrested as a woman of the town.

Under cross-examination Lord Colin Campbell said he had never studied surgery, but had attended lectures in the College of Surgeons on gynaecology and anatomy. A letter was read from Lord Colin to Dr. Bird, in which the writer said he had studied for a long time in the College of Surgeons and knew a great deal about such matters. Witness admitted having written this letter. His illness began in 1871 and was afterward continuous from 1876 to 1884, when he was perfectly well. He remembered that at the trial in 1884 the jury was asked to say whether or not he suffered from disease which could be communicated to his wife. At that time he heard his counsel say there was not a single charge of any kind against Lady Colin. He admitted having remonstrated with his wife against her overtaxing her strength with charitable work. When asked if his wife had ever lied to him, he said she had used deception. He admitted that after his wife left him at Sion House his brother Walter had called to see her at Cadogan Place. While absent Lady Colin corresponded with him until the final rupture. He had only kept one of her letters. This letter was written in Dec., 1881. It began with "Darling Roy" and ended with "Your Arab." After the marriage Lady Colin never said she had suffered from something she was unable to understand. When pressed he admitted having said, previous to the trial, that he told his wife to take precautions to prevent her having children. This admission caused a sensation in the court room.

Lord Colin further said that his means were limited; that his wife had provided £1,000 to furnish their house, and that she had bought furniture at auction sales and had decorated the house at her own expense. He admitted that Rose Baer was dismissed on July 17, and not, as she swore, on the 4th of June. He believed his wife went to Leigh Court on July 10. If his counsel said that Lady Colin rushed back suddenly and dismissed Rose Baer, witness was bound to believe him. (Laughter.) Lord Colin admitted having used violence on Mrs. Duffy. He further admitted that when he asked Lady Colin, in May, 1883, to withdraw the message she had sent to him in that month, his wife replied: "I will, but for God's sake leave me alone."

Lord Colin also said that the Duke of Marlborough sent presents to Lady Colin at their marriage and dined with her afterward. Witness admitted that he twice had an infectious disease, the first time in 1870. He was asked whether, having heard the evidence, he still alleged that his wife had been criminally intimate with Dr. Bird at Cadogan Place, at the house in Brook street and in Leigh Court. To this he answered that what he had alleged was a question that ought to be submitted to a jury. This reply produced a sensation.

The Judge asked Lord Colin whether he ever had been guilty of familiarities with Mary Watson, the housemaid, whereupon he answered: "None whatever."

Surgeons Propert and Allingham testified that they had heard the description of the ailment from which Lady Colin suffered in 1881 and 1882, and that it was not of a nature to prevent her from misbehavior.

At this point it was announced that Lord Colin Campbell's side of the case was concluded.

The Duke of Marlborough's counsel opened for the defense. He said the Duke was fearless of threats and would appear as a witness and swear that the charges were groundless. The alleged case against the Duke consisted of ordinary incidents. The small talk of society had been turned into allegations of impropriety. The only exceptions were the incidents at Purfleet and Leigh Court, and he would treat of those especially. Lady Colin's life was devoted to charitable works and was inconsistent with the charges brought against her. Even if the Purfleet and Leigh Court allegations were true, could the jury say there had been adultery? Her correspondence with him related chiefly to the

borrowing of books. Lady Colin was engaged in literary pursuits. She wrote books and worked at journalism, and she frequently found it necessary to borrow books of reference.

The Leigh Court charges rested entirely upon the evidence of Rose Baer, whom nobody could trust. The Duke's counsel declared that Lady Campbell and the Duke did not occupy adjoining rooms at Leigh Court. Lord Colin knew the facts of the Purfleet incident long before the last trial, yet he then stated that he made no charges of any kind against his wife. If Lady Campbell had been guilty of adultery she could not have obtained a judicial separation. If Lord Colin was honorable, how could he now, without further evidence, bring this trumped-up charge? The counsel admitted that the Duke was at Purfleet, but declared that he was there alone. Lady Campbell would account for every hour of her time between Saturday, Aug. 12, and Monday, Aug. 14. He trusted the jury was not prejudiced against the Duke of Marlborough on account of his previous appearance in the Divorce Court. The Duke had not opposed Lord Aylesford's petition. On the contrary, he had made what amends he could by offering to marry Lady Aylesford and settling £10,000 on her child.

Mr. Gully, on behalf of Capt. Shaw, said his client would deny upon oath that he had ever had improper relations with Lady Campbell. The story of the servant O'Neill was an absolute fabrication. Capt. Shaw was an old friend of the lady's family and a man of unsullied life.

Mr. Murphy, counsel for Gen. Butler, defended his client against the allegations that he had been criminally intimate with Lady Colin Campbell. He said that Gen. Butler had visited Lady Colin but twice, that was on April 13, then there was not a single suggestion of impropriety either by act or word.

The counsel for Dr. Bird then spoke in his defense. He said the witness had had three years' coaching by detectives and solicitors. They had become partisans, and had testified with an anxiety to convict Lady Colin that was not exceeded by that displayed by her husband. Dr. Bird attended a concert with Lady Colin, who was taken ill. The counsel could not say whether it was true that Lady Colin had leaned her head upon Dr. Bird's shoulder in the cab, but it would be discreditable to the Doctor if he had not allowed a sick patient to rest her head upon his shoulder.

By 1 o'clock the last address on behalf of the respondents had been concluded, and thereupon Lady Colin was called to the witness box by her counsel. Lord Colin was sitting on the front bench with his solicitor. Lady Miles was in her usual place beside Mr. Blood. Mrs. Blood was absent. Dr. Bird was in the back part of the room, but neither Capt. Shaw nor the Duke of Marlborough were present. Lady Colin walked gracefully to the stand, took the oath and kissed the little Testament amidst a rustle of legal papers and a chorus of whispers. Her appearance, since it was known that she would be examined, was looked forward to with eager anticipation. It was interesting to know how a woman who had had charges piled upon her mountains high during the past two weeks would demean herself when she came to her side of the story. She was attired in a plain blue cloth suit, close fitting and revealing to the greatest advantage her superb figure. Standing on the platform of the witness stand she seemed to have the proportions of an ideal woman. One hand was bare; on the other she wore a black kid glove that came high up on a long, slender wrist, which was ornamented with a small plain gold bracelet. She wore the same high black lace bonnet in which she had appeared on the first day of the trial, and at her neck was a gold pin of delicate, pretty open-work. The unused glove and a blue-backed diary and pencil lay on the deskboard of the box. She declined to take the seat that is provided for ladies, but stood up, first leaning on her arm against the side of the box and then standing up erect, not nervous in her manner, but speaking at first with apparent difficulty. In a few moments she had regained her courage and thenceforward gave her answers with smiles, and with all the delicate and refined strategy of which an alert and charming woman is the mistress. She was very pale, and testified in a slow, distinct voice. She said that until the family meeting at Thurloe square, in 1883, she had exchanged letters daily with her husband when absent. Before their marriage Lord Colin asked her if she would consent when married to their occupying separate rooms. She consented, and Lord Colin asked her not to dignify the fact that he had made this request, but she insisted upon telling her mother. The nature of his illness was unknown to her until May, 1883. She never pressed Lord Colin to marry her, but her mother disliked long engagements.

Continuing, Lady Colin said she was educated in Italy and spoke Italian and French before she learned the English language. She sang, painted and wrote books. She was also a journalist. She sang at forty charity concerts, not one of which Lord Colin had attended. She taught night classes of factory girls, visited the poor in the daytime and served soup for two hours and worked daily among the poor of Saffron Hill. Lord Colin knew of every engagement and of her work among the poor, and he never objected. She went into society alone at her husband's express wish. In order that the fact of his illness should be unknown he wished it understood that he was engaged in the House of Commons. Lord Colin accepted engagements for both, and desired her to go alone.

Her husband went to Scotland in 1882 without a nurse, and she attended him. She left him there in order to visit her mother. He was better at that time, and pressed her to go. She felt ill the first five days after the consummation of the marriage. In November, 1881, she was very ill, and was never free from symptoms until 1883. Her sickness was of varied intensity; sometimes she suffered great pain. She spoke to her husband about her condition, and he said:

"It's of no consequence; all women have that sort of thing."

In February, 1882, Lord Colin returned home. On one occasion, while sitting beside her couch, he began to cry, and said that people were very cruel in saying that he ought not to have married on account of his health. The same evening Lord Colin said it was better to be on the safe side, and he told her what precautions to take. She followed his directions and it gave her great pain. She consulted Dr. Bird in November, 1882, and he examined her. In April, 1883, she was seriously ill, and was attended by Dr. Bird. Dr. Hicks was twice summoned. An operation was performed in October, 1883, and she afterward improved. She did not know the nature of her own or of her husband's illness.

Lord Colin urged her to dismiss Rose Baer, who, he said, gossiped about him in the kitchen. She objected because she thought Rose a good maid. Lord Colin insisted, and she gave Rose a month's notice. She asked O'Neill what Rose had been saying. O'Neill replied:

"She said the Duke of Marlborough visited your room at Leigh Court." It was untrue that she (witness) said to O'Neill:

"It's a d—d lie."

Rose denied what she was accused of, cried and said she was a wicked girl. Witness told Rose that as she had lied wickedly she (witness) would withdraw the advertisement for a situation for her and would refuse to give her a certificate of character. She dismissed Rose forthwith.

She never told the servants how to announce visitors. She never had the Duke of Marlborough at supper. Sir Philip Miles occupied a room next to her at Leigh Court. The room on the other side was empty, being kept for her husband. She did not know what room the Duke of Marlborough occupied.

She never was at Purfleet. On the Saturday night on which she was accused of having been there with the Duke of Marlborough she went to the theatre with a lady friend. On the Sunday following she took tea with Lady Miles, and dined with her mother, Mrs. Blood. Referring to her visit to Paris, in May, 1884, she said she was on her way to Italy. The meeting with the Duke of Marlborough was purely accidental. She was taken ill at a concert and was in great pain.

She drove to Dr. Bird's house, and remained until the doctor prepared some medicine for her, when she returned home, arriving there at 11 o'clock.

It was untrue that she leaned her head upon Dr. Bird's shoulder while driving home. She gave an absolute denial to the evidence of Rose Baer, Mrs. Duffy, O'Neill and other witnesses, and declared she had never committed adultery with the Duke of Marlborough or any other man.

After Mr. Inderwick concluded, Mr. Lockwood arose to cross-examine her for the other side. It was expected that Mr. Finlay would conduct the cross-examination, but he probably thought it best not to do so after having made so savage an assault on Lady Colin in his opening speech. Mr. Lockwood was most considerate throughout. He is a large, fine-looking man, with a deep resonant voice, and his questions were easily heard in all parts of the room. As soon as he had begun Lady Colin brightened up and became suddenly relieved of her cough. In fact she was kept very busy, and the only relief she had time to take was in occasionally raising her scent bottle to her face. She no doubt expected to be sorely taxed, and she seemed to brace herself against the ordeal. But while there were moments when she sank back with her face a little paler than usual, and with a look of seriousness as if to say: 'I wonder what will come next,' there was never a time when she was actually disconcerted and unable to maintain her composure. It was more the display of a tried and cautious expert than the disingenuous story of a woman who is willing to tell the truth for what it is worth. Here is an example of her style.

"Did not the Duke of Marlborough write to you when you were staying at Miss Neabit's at the house you mentioned?"

"Not to my recollection."

"Can you not answer more definitely?"

"No, I cannot. I had had several letters from the Duke during those years, and it is impossible for me to state the precise date."

"Do you mean that you were corresponding with him regularly and constantly?"

"No, only on various occasions."

"Have you any of his letters?"

"No."

"How did the Duke sign himself?"

"Blandford, I think, or B., with a small G over it."

"How did you address him?"

"Dear Lord Blandford."

"And how did you sign yourself?"

"Sincerely yours, G. E. C."

"Nothing else?"

"No."

"How did he address you?"

"Dear Lady Colin."

"Do you mean that that was the mode and manner in which you and Lord Blandford habitually addressed each other?"

"Certainly, and in no other way."

"What have you done with those letters?"

"I have told you I do not keep letters. I have destroyed them. The house was not big enough to keep all the letters we received."

Questioned as to her association with Lord Blandford, she said: "I have already told you twice that I made his acquaintance in the year 1880. He was a friend of the family of my sisters, of my married sisters. I do not think he knew my mother."

"Apart from your literary conversations, did you know anything about him; or, to put it more plainly, did you know that he had seduced Lady Aylesford?"

"I knew that some years before there had been some talk about it."

"Did it make any difference to your acquaintance with him?"

"Certainly not."

"I think you said that you knew Lady Blandford?"

"Yes."

"Did you know her well?"

"Fairly well."

"Which did you know best?"

"I knew them both."

"Was she a friend of yours?"

"She was an acquaintance, as he also was. My acquaintance with her has gone on ever since."

"Were you aware that he was divorced by Lady Blandford on a charge of adultery and desertion?"

"Yes, but I did not know for what reasons."

"Did that make any difference in your social relations?"

"I saw him after."

Thus it continued during two or three hours. Lady Colin contradicted everybody right and left. She did not spare Lord Colin any more than her housemaid.

In fact she seemed to be particularly in earnest when giving a direct denial to what Lord Colin had said.

The closest corner in which she was caught was when she read what she professed to have written in her diary on Aug. 12, the day on which it had been alleged that she went to Purfleet with the Duke of Marlborough.

She had been questioned very closely as to what she did on that day, and had referred her memory by referring to this diary. Mr. Lockwood asked to see it. She handed it to him without hesitation, but her face looked blanched when Mr. Lockwood asked her if all the writing had been done with the same ink with the same pen and at the same time. She did not

dare say yes, for the entry spoke for itself. Portions of it had evidently been made at different times, and of this there was an unsatisfactory explanation. An amusing passage in the cross-examination was that pertaining to the books loaned to Lady Colin by the Duke of Marlborough, and which she said had been the cause of his visits and the subject of her correspondence with him.

"Did the Duke continue to see you at your home, making afternoon calls up till the end of March, 1882?"

"Yes. He had then commenced to lend me books."

"Was he studying the authors at the same time as yourself?"

"They were books he had in his library."

"Did he call upon you from time to time to discourse upon the subjects?"

"He lent me what books I wished to read."

"Did he discourse with you on the subjects?"

"Yes, if you put it in that way."

The court room was in a titter of laughter at the mock earnestness of Mr. Lockwood at this point, and the Duke of Marlborough himself, who sat near by, had to relax from his accustomed seriousness on perceiving the high class literary standard which he had so suddenly attained.

Mrs. Hicks and Barnes testified that Lady Colin Campbell had never given birth to a child prematurely.

A footman employed at Leigh Court testified that Lady Colin's room there was situated on the side of the building opposite that containing the room occupied by the Duke of Marlborough.

Frank Miles, an artist, and Neptune Blood both testified that they saw Lady Colin Campbell in London on Sunday, Aug. 13, 1883, the day on which the defence alleged she was at the Purfleet Hotel with the Duke of Marlborough.

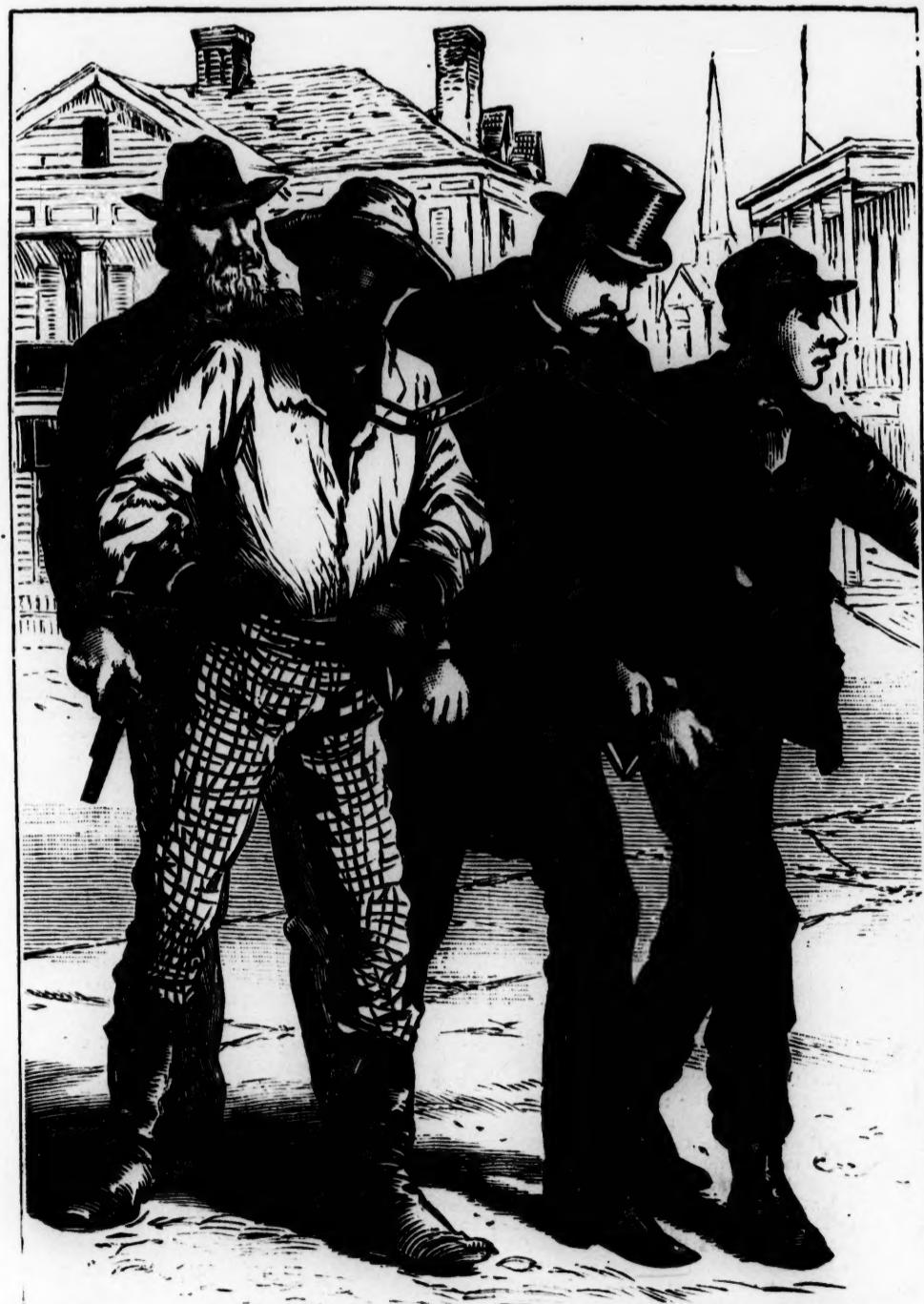
Annie Brown denied the statement made by manservant O'Neill that he once called her attention to strange noises in the dining room on an occasion when Lady Colin and the Duke of Marlborough were therein alone.

Neptune Blood testified that since the beginning of the trial he had examined the door of the dining room in Cadogan place, through the keyhole of which manservant O'Neill



SHE TOOK THE DOSE HERSELF.

MRS. ADAM PFEIFFER, OF KANSAS, OHIO, SWALLOWS THE POISONED SOUP, SHE HAD INTENDED FOR HER HUSBAND.



HOW THEY DO IT IN TEXAS.

SWINDLING ALDERMAN SMITH, OF GALVESTON, TEXAS, GOES TO THE PENITENTIARY
IN VERY MIXED COMPANY.

JERSEY STYLE.

WILLIAM RHINELANDER, THE NEW YORK SWELL WITH A TASTE FOR HOMICIDE,
GETS ROUGHLY HANDLED BY A POSSE, AT FREEHOLD, N. J.



A PEELERS' RIOT.

THE SHINDY AT AMSTERDAM, N. Y., PROVOKED BY THE OFFICIOUSNESS OF THE LOCAL POLICE WHILE DEALING WITH A CROWD OF STRIKERS.



THE VICTIM OF VILLAINS.

MRS. JAMES W. GULLING, OF ST. LOUIS, MO., IS KIDNAPED IN BROAD DAYLIGHT BY A PAIR OF DRUNKEN HAWKERS.



GHOST-RIDDEN JACKS.

THE WRECKED SHIP SQUANDO, AT BATHURST, N. B., IS HAUNTED BY THE SPECTRE OF HER HEADLESS FIRST MATE.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Areal Events of the Week.

The heavy-weight pugilist, Pat Killen, is matched to box Ed McKeon for \$1,000 a side on Dec. 28.

John P. Clow, of Denver, Col., wants to meet Dominic McCaffrey in a glove fight to a finish for \$2,500 a side.

Jimmy Nelson, of Brooklyn, and Jack Hooper, of New York, are to fight to a finish in Boston, on Dec. 25, for a purse of \$500.

The glove contest at Boston, on Dec. 8, between Mike Luce, of Philadelphia, and Magee, resulted in a draw, though Luce had the best of the fight.

There was a rattling glove fight between Jack King and Billy Hushwood at Clark's Olympic, Philadelphia, on Dec. 8, King winning 2 rounds.

Harry Maynard, the well-known sporting manager of San Francisco, has offered \$750 and the medal for the champion light-weight of the world as a prize for Young Mitchell and Carroll to contend for in the ring.

A match was perfected the other night between Mike Cushing, the amateur champion light-weight of America, and Wm. Ellingsworth, champion light-weight of New York State, to a finish for \$500 a side, within eight weeks.

Mike C. Conley, of Ithaca, N. Y., J. D. Hayes' champion, figured in a four three-minute round glove contest at Prof. John H. Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, on Dec. 14. King, his opponent, is a big, powerful fellow, but he stood no show before the muscular Ithacan, who put him to sleep in just thirty seconds.

Jack Ashton, Billy Madden's champion, met Mike Bosen of Philadelphia in a 4-round glove contest, "Police Gazette" rules, at the Theatre Comique, Philadelphia, on Dec. 14. Dominic McCaffrey was referee. It was a slashing go, Ashton having decidedly the best of the contest, and McCaffrey declared him the winner.

The following challenge, with a deposit of \$100, was left at this office on Dec. 8:

NEW YORK, Dec. 8, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor: I am prepared to match John Mack, of Boston, to fight any light-weight pugilist in America, according to "Police Gazette" rules, for \$20 or \$500 a side and gate money. To prove I mean business, I have deposited \$100 forfeits with Richard K. Fox. CASH.

P. S.—I shall be ready at five hours' notice to meet any 133-pound man at Richard K. Fox's office to sign articles. First come, first served.

There is every prospect of a prize fight being fought between Jack Hopper, of Providence, R. I., and Jack Mack, of Boston, providing the former finds backers to put up the sinews of war. Dec. 10 Mack called at this office with his backer, posted \$50 forfeits and left the following challenge:

NEW YORK, Dec. 10, 1882.

To the Sporting Editor: Sir—I am prepared to arrange a match to fight Jack Hopper of Providence, now a resident of this city, according to "Police Gazette" rules, with gloves, for from \$100 to \$500 a side. The fight to be decided within 100 miles of New York in ten days or two weeks from signing articles of agreement, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder and appoint a referee. To prove I mean business, my backer has posted a deposit of \$50 with Richard K. Fox. A reply from Hopper or his backer will be speedily attended to.

Yours, JOHN MACK.

Efforts are being made by M. C. Conley's (the Ithaca pugilist) backer, to pit the latter against Jack Ashton, and recently J. D. Hayes wrote Billy Madden in regard to the matter. In regard to the proposed match Hayes writes to Richard K. Fox as follows: "I recently asked Jack Ashton's backer, Billy Madden, if he would match Ashton to meet Conley in Philadelphia in a public exhibition, as John H. Clark told me that he could get off a soft glove contest in that city, and Conley and Ashton could settle that draw that they had in Ithaca on the 15th of last May, in a successful manner, and I would be Madden the price of a new hat on the great event, though the hat should cost \$1,000, that Conley would best Ashton in four rounds. Yes, and let them wear the big pillows, and I pretty near know what I am talking about. But to my surprise Madden refused, making some little simple excuses. I have nothing to say against Ashton; he is a good game fellow and a nice man, but Conley says he can not hit very hard. I shall close for the present. I remain,

Very respectfully and faithfully yours, J. D. HAYES."

A letter was received from Jack Dempsey, the middle-weight champion, at the Police Gazette office Dec. 14: Dempsey, in conjunction with Jack Burke, Jack Keenan, of New York, and Denny Costigan, of Providence, have organized a combination under the management of Charles Edwards. They will visit all the principal towns and cities, and at each exhibition Dempsey and Burke will offer all local boxes \$50 to stand up and box their four rounds, "Police Gazette" rules. On the 20th of December the combination are to appear at Omaha, when Jack Hanley is to face Dempsey in a four-round glove contest, and Paddy Norton is to stand up before Burke. Dempsey states that if the backers of George or Blanche desire to fight him or any other pugilist it will have to be for the Richard K. Fox Diamond Belt, which he now holds, and represents the middle-weight championship of the world according to the rules and conditions governing the same. Dempsey says: "I hold the Trophy and intend to fight all comers who challenge me and put up \$5,000." If George or Blanche has so much improved his backers should not hesitate in finding the stakes, and when they are ready they can post a forfeit with Richard K. Fox.

The alleged prize fight between Tommy Farrell and Tommy Warren on Dec. 9, was merely an impromptu set-to. There was no ring or any stakes, and after the feather-weights had battled two rounds, in which Farrell had the best of the clean biting, the police appeared. Prior to the set-to Warren was in the Wild West Show with a number of friends and was more in need of sleep and rest, than being roped into a glove contest against a light-weight ten pounds heavier and in better condition. The reports of the affair published were all from hearsay and imaginary and if Farrell had whipped Warren it would not have been surprising, under the circumstances. To quote Farrell's remarks, at the close: "It's a good thing for me it's ended," goes far to prove how neatly Warren turned the tables on those who would have him done. Our New York fighters do themselves proud in this sort of barneying. Warren's money, \$200, has been on deposit at the Police Gazette office for the past three weeks to fight anyone at 118 pounds. If Farrell or anyone else wants to fight on the level, why don't they cover his money and make a match fair and square.

The Boston "Herald" says: "Sporting men of this city are thoroughly disgusted with Jake Kilrain. He has twice agreed to meet Lannan, and now backs out, claiming that \$600 is not enough for him to spar for. He will not come to Boston for less than \$800, and insists that the loser shall receive \$200. Lannan will agree to anything if Kilrain will come to Boston." Lannan would stand about as much chance of defeating Kilrain as Ryan would have in a contest with Sullivan, and the prospects are that if Kilrain should meet Lannan those who witness the contest will find out. If Lannan so eager to meet Kilrain why don't his backers forward a deposit of \$250 to this office and issue challenge to fight Kilrain? The latter wants to meet any man in America, bar Sullivan, and he has proved that he is in earnest because he has posted \$250 with this office, and challenged Dominic McCaffrey, who outclasses Lannan by a long way. Lannan has never accomplished any great feats in the orthodox 24-foot ring. Pat Killen easily defeated him, and when he met Frank Herald, the latter had him whipped, and it was only by the merest accident that Lannan was declared the winner. Kilrain, during a glove contest at the Comique, Philadelphia, nearly broke the thumb of his right hand, and he would be foolish to fight any one until it is well. Kilrain will meet Lannan shortly, and Boston sporting men will be disgusted with Kilrain after the battle is fought.

Mike McSweeney and Jem Williams, colored boxers, weighing 175 pounds each, fought with hard gloves in a stable loft in the Fourth ward, this city, on Dec. 8. McSweeney fought a draw in the same loft on the night of Sept. 6 with Vito Small, better known as Black Sam. Ever since Black Sam failed to knock out the Ethiopian with the Celtic name, a sporting man in the Seventh ward has been looking up a colored man worthy of McSweeney's steel. Williams was the man selected. The same crowd of lawyers, doctors and clubmen were there, who contributed liberally to a purse

offered to the winner of the fight. All being ready, the men appeared very equally matched as they faced each other for the first round. Only cautious sparring was indulged in for the first minute, when McSweeney let out his left and caught Williams a stinger in the ear and received a rib roaster in return. They clinched and fell, McSweeney on top. The second round was devoted to sparring for wind. In the third round was witnessed the hardest hitting, gamely given and taken, that has been seen in the Fourth ward for some time. It was hammer and tongs until the close of the round. Williams' left eye was gradually closing, but McSweeney showed no signs of punishment. In the two following rounds neither seemed to gain advantage. In the sixth round McSweeney forced the fighting, but Williams seemed to have come to stay. McSweeney swung his right and caught Williams behind the left ear. The blow was terrific one, and had McSweeney followed up his man, as he was partly stunned, the fight would have ended there. The seventh round was a repetition of the preceding round, and ended in McSweeney throwing Williams heavily. In the eighth round, which was the last, both men fought until they fell and lay alongside each other almost unable to move. The referee declared the fight a draw and divided the purse. Both men were completely used up.

Pugilistic circles are looking forward with a great deal of interest to the meeting which is to take place between Pat Killen, who keeps a saloon in Chicago, and Champion John L. Sullivan, to take place either at St. Paul or Minneapolis in three weeks. The meeting between him and Sullivan will be a memorable battle, unless John gets in his knock-out blow. Nothing else will stop Killen, who is but little lighter than Sullivan, and has a vast advantage over Sullivan in a long fight from being in superb condition. Realizing that it is to be the event of his life, Killen will make a fight that will not be forgotten soon. Killen is about twenty-three years old, six feet tall, and weighs in the neighborhood of 200 pounds. Judging by Killen's record, the champion should knock the Pennsylvanian out in a round or two.

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THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sport-
ing Interest.

Many have an idea that because a man follows the profession of a boxer or a pugilist that he is not charitably disposed and never does any acts of kindness. This is a mistake. Pugilists time and again have done many charitable acts and deeds of bravery. Take John L. Sullivan for instance. He has assisted the poor of his native town, Boston, on several occasions and sent flour, wood and coal to the needy. Harry Woodson, the colored boxer, assisted to save the life of a woman in a raging fire at Cincinnati, while Tom Allen protected several females who were attacked by drunken ruffians at St. Louis.

The following are some of the noble deeds of pugilists: Harry Pearce, when fighting with Jim Belcher—the latter being at his mercy—restrained himself, saying: "Jem, I'll not hit you, for fear I might close your eye;" Belcher having but one eye at the time. Upon his gaining a victory over another antagonist, Pearce was suddenly found missing, and they sought in vain to carry him to a couch and four. When found he was unconsciously cooking a beefsteak, and asked Bill Gibbons, who discovered his hiding-place, to sit down and partake. He had clambered up behind another couch and slipped off to avoid demonstrations of his friends.

Pearce also rescued a girl from being burnt alive by climbing along the roof, hanging over and drawing her up by the arms to a place of safety. The crowd, being horror-stricken and paralyzed, burst into the wildest acclamations at this heroic act.

Ned Neal, William E. Harding's uncle, was once blamed for neglecting his training when matched to fight.

It turned out Ned spent most of his time in attendance upon a helpless sick man at the risk of losing the fight and reputation, but happening to win caused a pleasant reaction in his favor.

Tom Cribb was domestic and good-tempered. He seldom brought his powers into play outside the ring.

On one occasion while walking in company with his principal backer a drunken bully grossly insulted him, whereupon Tom quietly submitting to his abuse for the time, handed him into custody and appeared against him in Court.

A dwarf won Tom Cribb's heart and the champion took care of him in his adversity.

One day a quarrelsome fellow set a boy on the dwarf and he was badly beaten during Cribb's absence.

On learning of it Cribb had the instigator arrested appearing before the Judge with the dwarf remarking, "Hang it, your honor, I'd rather been thrashed myself." The cause of the assault was ordered to pay a sum of money to the dwarf and lectured severely.

Molineaux, after being twice beaten, was the most diligent of all Cribb's friends in selling tickets for him at his various benefits.

Harry Broome offered Heenan a home free during his first visit to England.

Deaf Burke was passionately fond of children, and on two different occasions rescued people from burning buildings at the peril of his own life.

Bendigo's passion for fishing is well known. He was one of the principal followers of Ben Caunt (thrice his opponent). In later years he became a convert to the church. Caunt also paid the funeral expenses of Freeman, the American giant, solely out of his own purse.

Tom Sayers did effective service with his auctioneer during a riot at Ascot races and saved a noted turfman from being severely handled.

John Morrissey got up benefits for Yankees Sullivan's mother, Mrs. Murray, Ross Harrington's widow, the poor of Ireland, and many other good causes and literally kept a small army of old but less fortunate acquaintances, while his word was equal to the greatest banker's, and unlimited amounts were entrusted to his safe-keeping, such as election bets, etc.

Jack Randall flocked one out of a party of four and made the rest apologize for insulting a lady and gentleman.

Tom Johnson carried two sacks of corn (two men's work) to keep a poor fellow who was sick and destitute, receiving double pay and handing half to the sick man for several weeks.

Dan Donnelly concealed Tom Oliver's colors (emblematic of victory) when calling to see Oliver after the fight, so as not to hurt his feelings.

Gentleman Jackson got up several benefits for people of various nationalities in distress.

Ed. Price once prevented a duel between Col. Kerigan and a Southern officer and cleared out a gang of roughs who were assaulting and insulting everybody on an excursion train.

Pearce also saved Heenan's life from a murderous gang in Boston, who attempted his assassination.

Jem Mace rescued a party of ladies from drowning, and has chastised any number of ruffians for insulting women.

Charley Lynch, in defending a gentleman from two gamblers, received a black eye. Lynch didn't know the assaulted party, nor was he known to him, but when found out he sent a handsome belt to Lynch through the editor of *Bell's Life*.

Joe Coburn announced a farewell benefit before leaving for California, and handed the entire receipts to a friend who had nearly lost his sight.

When Joe Goss was arrested, after his fight with Tom Allen, the judge put the question as to who he was, when his counsel said that was for the Court to find out. Upon being pressed by the judge, Goss said, "I can't tell a lie, I am Joe Goss all over the world." This was a case of identity, and cost poor Joe some months' imprisonment.

The benefit for the Widow Harrington brought Heenan and Morrissey together in a friendly set-to for the cause of charity, both before and after this, being very distant toward each other.

Tom Hyer raised the money to secure Yankee Sullivan's release from prison for fighting Morrissey.

Ned O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant, in connection with J. C. Heenan, gave the use of their names for a benefit to a partially blind journalist, which realized over \$1,500.

John C. Heenan, upon finding the grave of Freeman, the American giant, unmarked, erected a handsome monument to his memory.

Jack Shaw, the Life Guardsman, slew six men with his sword before he was himself overcome and killed.

Had Dan Donnelly stuck to his carpentering or Tom Cribb to the calling of a corn porter, the present generation might never have heard of them.

Had Sayers remained a bricklayer or Heenan a blacksmith, their names would have never become as worldwide as they are and always will be.

Neither John Morrissey or John Gully would have ever become, the former a member of Congress, the latter a member of Parliament, had they not been pugilists.

Tom Cannon was champion of England at quoit throwing, had beaten all the best runners at 100 yards and won several matches at single wicket against renowned cricketers.

Figg was also champion at foils, single sticks and quarter staff.

Greyson wrote poetry tolerably well, as did also Jack Scroggins.

Hagry Holt had some gifts as a speaker, being called the Cicero of the ring.

Jem Ward has had paintings executed by himself on exhibition in the Liverpool Art Gallery.

Jem Mace plays the violin very well; is somewhat of an actor; passionately fond of music and a first-class 10-mile runner.

Tom King is a fine equestrian; standing A No. 1 on the turf, and is particularly fond of horticultural exhibitions.

Ed. Price is a wealthy counsellor-at-law.

Wm Hastings has amassed an immense fortune by his shrewdness and business tact.

James Dunn is an influential Brooklyn politician.

One of the leading pugilists, in my opinion, is Frank Glover, of Chicago, the heavy-weight champion of Illinois, and is liable to conquer any of the prominentistic heroes except Sullivan or Kirkin.

Long before and since the racing season opened I have made reference about the arbitrary law which prohibits public betting on turf events.

I claim that the people of this country possess an inherent right, whether expressed in our national constitution, or implied through the logic of every day common sense, to indulge in any pleasure, the pursuit of which is not evil per se, or subversive of the common good.

It has been demonstrated, times without number, that the mere act of staking or wagering a certain number of dollars to abide the issue of a certain event ought not to be held as an infringement of any known law, civil or criminal, moral or ceremonial; but we find in the Empire State that there exists upon its statute book an act, which in effect totally precludes the people of New York from indulging in betting, private or public.

It is rather curious to know that this law was not framed by persons desirous of accomplishing a great moral reform, but was in fact prepared, manipulated and passed by John Morrissey, who wished to injure the local race grounds of New York city, such as Jerome Park, Fleetwood, Coney Island, Brighton, etc., in order to build up and strengthen a similar institution at Saratoga, where the muscular statesmen held the balance of political power and would, therefore, be able to avoid prosecution.

For some years its provisions were not enforced, and it is only recently, say within three or four years, that the management of the great race tracks in and about the metropolis have had any annoyance or financial loss by reason of its existence. During this year especially, it has hung suspended like the sword of Damocles, and none of them could tell at what instant it would descend upon their devoted heads or when Anthony Comstock and others of the "unco' guid" party would zealously break the supporting hair.

It would seem then, the only method to be employed with any likelihood of success would be for the managers of the prominent Jockey clubs and Trotting associations to have a representative meeting of their executive officers, and by the exercise of their assembled wisdom to define some means by which the State Legislature could be persuaded to take hold of this matter and dispose of it in an open, disingenuous way.

It is all very well to cry out and make a fuss at the very moment you feel you have been wronged or oppressed, and while the races are on, the daily press of this city have almost unanimously condemned the too straight-laced policy of the anti-betting party.

But it is during the winter season that the legislature meets, and would it not be better to reserve a little of this force for a time when it has a likelihood of accomplishing something.

A word to the wise should be sufficient, and we trust those who have in charge the great racing interests (both running and trotting) will take care that by the next session of the State Legislature they place themselves in a manly, open and truthful light before those men to whom are intrusted the making of our State laws.

Beach claims the following is the proper mode of rowing: A full, long reach out over the toes, with both arms straight; a sharp, clean "catch" of the water; a powerful, steady, horizontal stroke, with an application of the whole force at the moment of immersion; a clean feather and a low, quick recover, shooting out at the moment of the finish. Good form is especially desirable, and this can only be gained by steady practice.

Some professionals claim that the long slide to the seat is the best, but among the crack oars the short slide is being adopted. It is of the greatest importance in a long race that the lower part of the chest should be as free as possible, otherwise the wind will not last. It has been shown that the best way to hold out in a long race is to keep the back straight, head erect, shoulders thrown back and stomach out.

Rowers should bend from the hip, and not double themselves up; if one does, he is certain to lose the action of the lower part of the lungs. The head should be up and eyes in the boat; nothing is so bad as to have any member of a crew turning or looking around. The knees should be spread well apart, thereby giving the loins an easy and more powerful action. In commanding a stroke, the arms should be straight and at full length.

There are many faults to be avoided in handling the oar, one of the most important being the dropping of the hands too low at the end of the recover. Another fault is that of dipping too deep, very common in beginners, and caused partly from raising the hands in the middle of the stroke instead of pulling the oar straight through the water. The oar should be put on its face, the inner part slightly turned toward the water. In this way the blade of the oar will be immersed, and at the finish will come out cleanly without lugging or danger of crabs.

On the forward reach and dip, the best authorities on rowing say: When the forward reach is taken the blade of the oar should track backwards in the air after the dip, horizontally, at a distance of a few inches from the water, of course the distance depending whether the water is rough or smooth. As regards the dip, the blade should descend to the proper depth before any force is applied, otherwise the stroke will cut. To effect this the hands must be raised sharply, and the stroke must commence at once.

The benefit for the Widow Harrington brought Heenan and Morrissey together in a friendly set-to for the cause of charity, both before and after this, being very distant toward each other.

Lucy Fry, recorded 2:20 1/2, broke her leg while trotting at Buffalo recently. She would have brought \$10,000 at any time and she was the only horse with a record better than 2:21 from a dam with a record of better than 2:20. Her dam was Kirby Bates, 2:19.

LATEST SPORTING.

A rat killing match took place just outside Bridgeport, Conn., on Dec. 7. The competing dogs were Ned, a two-year-old bitch terrier belonging to a gentleman from Kansas, and Ned, a two-year-old fox terrier, owned in Bridgeport. The stakes were \$50 a side, each contestant to tackle fifteen rats. The rats were of large size and were brought from New York. John Francis of Bridgeport, was stakeholder, and officiated in assisting the vermin into the ring. Ned was called first and she proved a splendid ring performer, finishing her work in 33 seconds. Ned then took his turn and proved his superiority by killing his fifteen rats in exactly 32 seconds. The time of each animal was pronounced equal to the average. There is talk of bringing the same terriers together again for another contest.

Boston undoubtedly contains some of the best pool-players in the country, and the game itself has made great progress in public favor within the last year. Match games are being played daily in the different rooms throughout that city, and are witnessed by tremendous crowds. Tournaments are being held, and the playing is a marvelous exhibition of what skill a man can acquire with the cue. Regarding these tournaments the Boston *Advertiser* says: "In the latter part of 1885, Mr. Charles McKenzie, of this city, organized a series of amateur handcap games for prizes of gold and silver medals. Among the players who then contested, and who have since become noted professional experts, were Chas Edwards, the present champion of New England; Mike Havlin, John Landers, holder of the McKenzie cup; Dodd, Walsh and many others. At the conclusion of these amateur handcap games there was a wrangle. Several of the best players claimed the amateur championship. To settle the question, Mr. McKenzie had made an elegant silver cup (which was described in the *Advertiser* at that time), emblematic of the amateur championship. While preparations were being made for the tournament, Richard K. Fox's representative happened to call on Mr. McKenzie. He was much impressed with the idea, and telephoned to New York a story of the proposed tournament. The next day Richard K. Fox sent word he would offer a gold medal for the first prize, and his offer was accepted. In due course the tournament took place, and, after a series of exciting contests, which were witnessed by thousands, Charles Edwards won the gold medal and the amateur championship. Edwards, whose proper name is Charles Edward Landis, is a player of undoubtedly nerve and never allows himself to get rattled. John Landers won second prize in the tournament, a handsome silver cup offered by McKenzie. Shortly after the completion of the amateur tournament Edwards turned professional, as did a number of the other players. A number of matches took place, in which Edwards was uniformly successful. Seeing the interest in the amateur tournament, Mr. McKenzie was tempted to organize a professional tournament. A number who had been barred out of the amateur tournament were eager to play. Richard K. Fox again offered a gold medal for the professional championship. The amateur tournament had been conducted in a fair manner, and there had not been one complaint. As before, Mr. McKenzie offered a silver cup. Seventeen men signified their intention to play. After drawing for positions, however, some dropped out, and on the opening of the present tournament the following players remained: Charles Edwards, champion of New England; A. A. Haskell, champion of Maine; John E. Landers, holder of the McKenzie cup; Mike Havlin, the noted expert; John Watson, R. Thomas, Nate Wilder, William Hogarty, A. Dodd and M. Stone. The playing so far in the tournament has been far above the average, but it is yet too early to judge of results."

The following is the pacing record, with improvements:

PACING IN HARNESS.

One mile by a gelding, 2:05 1/2.—Johnston, b. s. by Joe Bassett (formerly Bashaw Goldsust). Sired by Ned Forrest. Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3, 1884.

One mile by a mare, 2:12 1/2.—Buffalo Girl, b. m. by Digitalis. Pittsburgh, Pa., July 27, 1883.

One mile by a stallion, 2:18 1/2.—Cohannet, b. s. by Bay State. Providence, R. I., Sept. 9, 1884.

One mile in a race with other horses, 2:12 1/2.—Sleepy Tom, ch. g. by Tom Rolfe. Chicago, Ill., July 25, 1879.

Two miles, 4:47 1/2.—Dead heat between Defiance, b. g. by Chieftain, and Longfellow, ch. g. by Red Bill. Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 26, 1872.

Three miles, 7:44.—James K. Polk, ch. g. Centreville Course, L. I., Sept. 13, 1847.

Four miles, 10:34 1/2.—Longfellow, ch. g. by Red Bill. San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 31, 1862.

Five miles, 12:54 1/2.—Oward, bl. g. by Chieftain. San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 41, 1874.

Fastest three consecutive heats, 2:11 1/2, 2:11 1/2, 2:12 1/2.—Little Brown Jug, b. g. by Tom Hal. Hartford, Conn., Aug. 24, 1881.

PACING UNDER SADDLE.

One mile, 2:14 1/2.—Billy Boyce, b. g. by Corbeau. Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 1, 1868.

Two miles, 4:57 1/2.—James K. Polk, ch. g. and Roanoke, r. g. by Old Pilot. Philadelphia, June 10, 1850.

Three miles, 7:44.—Oneila Chief, ch. g. by Kentucky Hunter. Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J., Aug. 14, 1843.

PACING ON WAGON.

One mile, 2:18 1/2.—Sixth heat. Sweetzer, gr. g. by Tom Crowder. Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 2, 1878.

One mile, 2:17 1/2.—Pochontas, ch. m. by Cadmus. Union Course, L. I., June 21, 1883.

DOUBLE TEAM PACING.

One mile, 2:19 1/2.—Ridgball, b. g. by King Pharaoh, and W. Smart, ch. g. by Almont, driven by J. S. Campbell. Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., June 21, 1883.

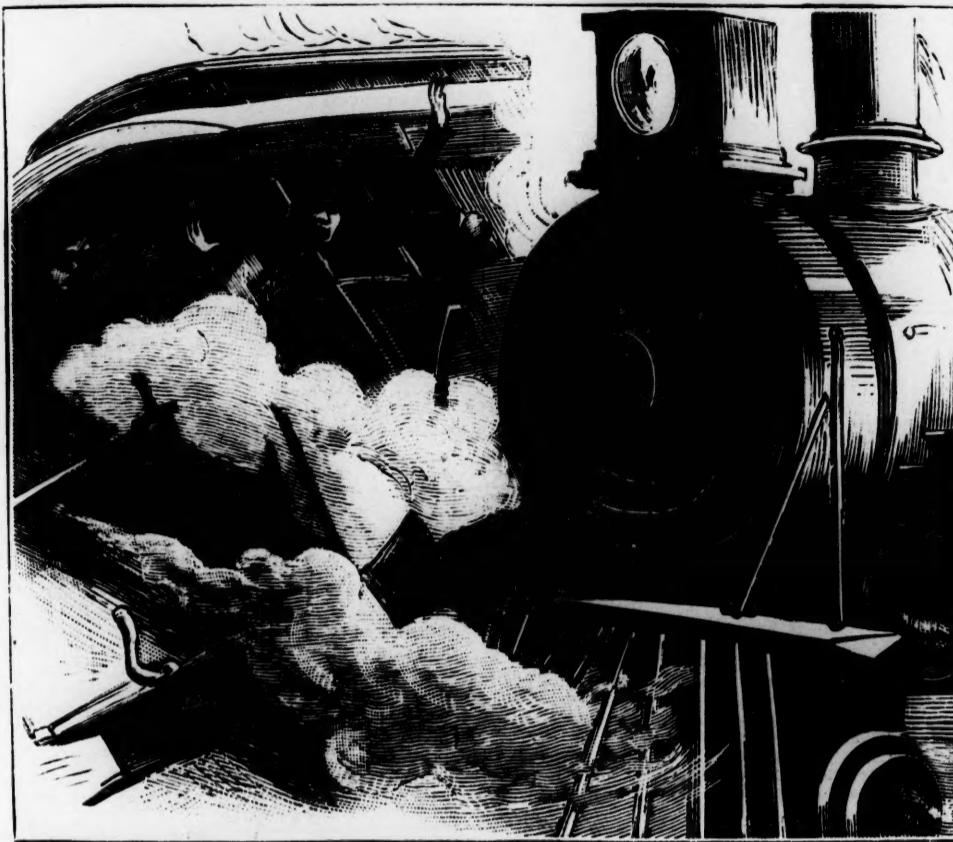
One mile, 2:18 1/2.—Minnie, b. m. by J. C. Breckenridge (b. g. Firebrand as mate). Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3, 1884.

Four miles, 10:51.—Dutchman, b. g. by Tippoo Sahib, Jr. Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J., Aug. 1, 1883.

TROTTING WITH RUNNING MATE.

One mile, 2:15 1/2.—Great Eastern, b. g. by Walkill Chief. by Rysdyk's Hamiltonton. Fleetwood Park, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1877.

One mile, 2:19 1/2.—Br. g. McLeod, ridden by George A. Singerly. Belmont Course, Sept. 28, 1885. Rider weighing 149 pounds. Fastest trial in Philadelphia.



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HE TUMBLED.

EDWARD CONROY TAKES A DROP FROM THE GALLERY TO THE DRESS CIRCLE OF HYDE & BERNAN'S THEATRE, BROOKLYN.



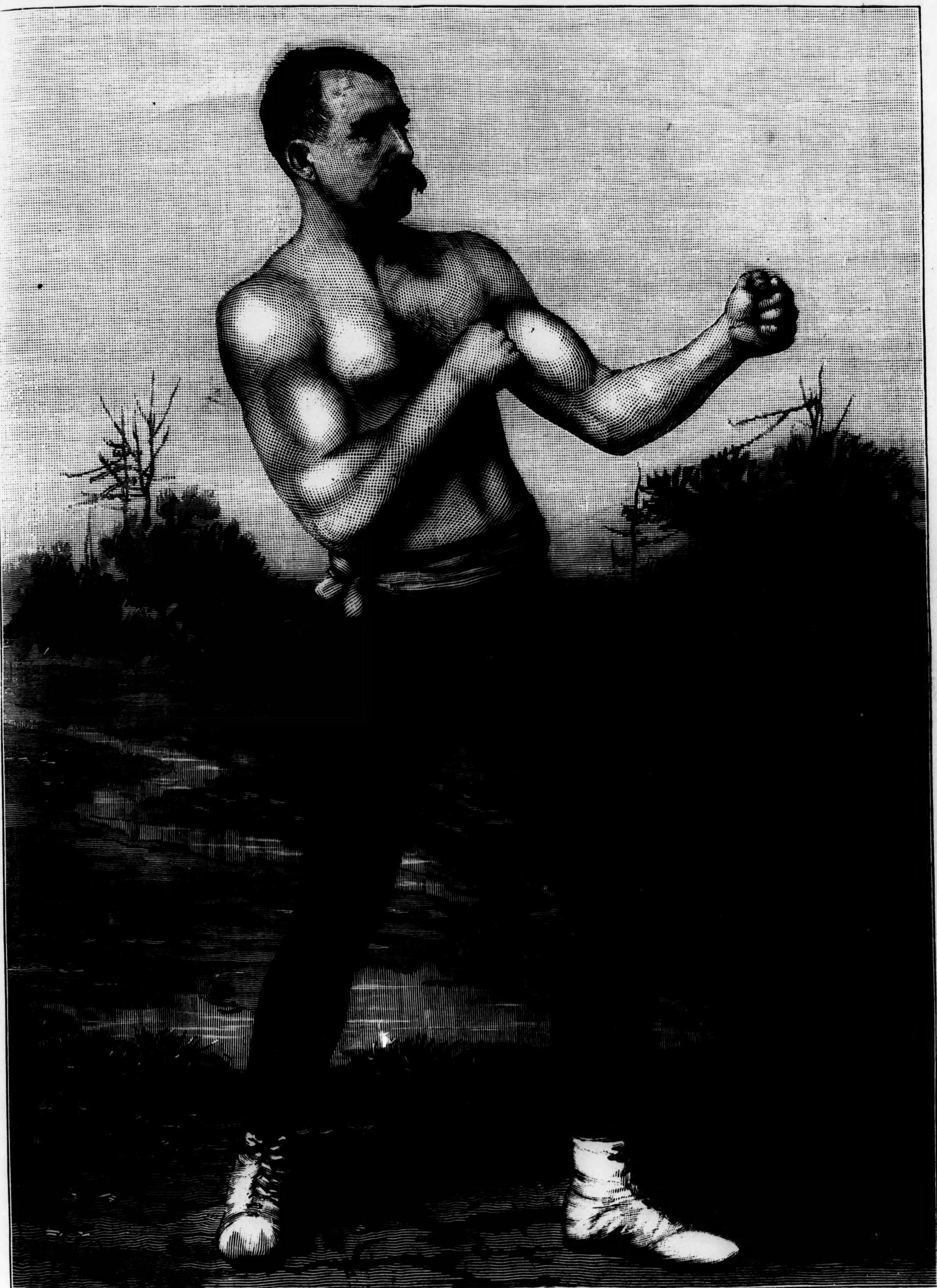
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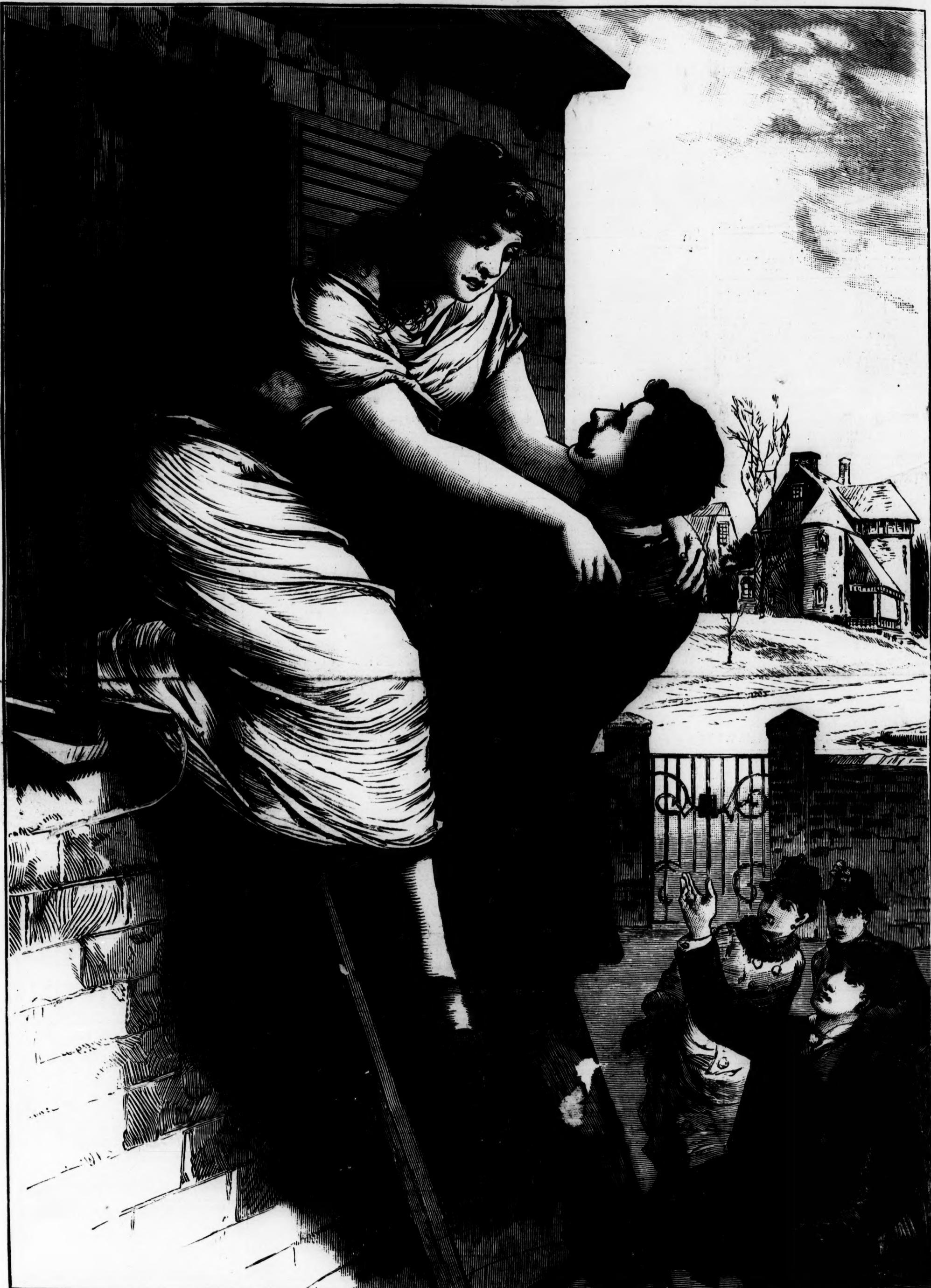
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